

The Academy and Literature.

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The Literary Week.

No book of outstanding importance has been published during the past week. Readers of fiction can take their choice among 19 new novels. Mrs. Atherton, following the line of research that resulted in her novel "The Conqueror," has published "A Few of Hamilton's Letters." An attractive volume is Lady Butler's "Letters from the Holy Land" with sixteen illustrations by the author in colour. Among other books of the week we note the following:—

THE SCULPTURES OF THE PARTHENON. By A. S. Murray.

Dr. Murray has taken as a starting point certain lectures on the sculptures of the Parthenon delivered by him some years ago to the students of the Royal Academy. "It was the experience of these lectures," says the author, "that has since led me to enter upon a much closer examination of the sculptures on artistic more than on archaeological lines." The scheme of illustration embraces the whole of the sculptures, so far as they are known from extant originals or from Carrey's drawings. We are given the frieze almost in its entirety in a single long folding sheet, which slips into a pocket inside the back cover. There are also many illustrations in the text. The volume is dedicated to the Royal Academy of Arts "in token of many friendships past and present."

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE. By Thomas Seccombe and J. W. Allen. 2 vols.

An addition to the "Handbooks of English Literature" series. The period covered is from 1579 to 1631, a period concerning which the authors write " . . . the more the Elizabethan period is explored, the more separate and individual it will be discovered to be: the more clearly will it appear that the atmosphere in which it rose, so to speak, was such as had never existed before, and is not likely ever to exist again—cannot possibly exist again." The first volume deals with Poetry and Prose, the second with the Drama. About half of the second volume is devoted to Shakespeare.

THE sixth volume of Mr. John Murray's new issue of Byron, edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, is wholly given up to "Don Juan." The volume has more than the ordinary interest of an excellent reprint, for it contains a seventeenth and hitherto unpublished canto. Seventeenth cantos have appeared before, some of which claimed to be genuine, whilst others were crude imitations. But there is no doubt about the authenticity of the present addition. Trelawny found the stanzas in Byron's house at Missolonghi. The MS. was handed over to John Cam Hobhouse, and is now in the possession of his daughter, the Lady Dorchester. These new stanzas are not good Byron, though the touch is unmistakeable: we quote the eighth, ninth, and eleventh:—

Great Galileo was debarred the Sun,
Because he fixed it; and, to stop his talking,
How Earth could round the solar orbit run,
Found his own legs embargoed from mere walking:
The man was well-nigh dead, ere men begun
To think his skull had not some need of caulking;
But now, it seems, he's right—his notion just:
No doubt a consolation to his dust.

Pythagoras, Locke, Socrates—but pages
Might be filled up, as vainly as before,
With the sad usage of all sorts of sages,
Who in his life-time, each, was deemed a Bore!
The loftiest minds outrun their tardy ages:
This they must bear with and, perhaps, much more;
The wise man's sure when he no more can share it, he
Will have a firm Post Obit on posterity.

Temperate I am—yet never had a temper;
Modest I am—yet with some slight assurance;
Changeable too—yet somehow "*Idem semper*:"
Patient—but not enamoured of endurance;
Cheerful—but, sometimes, rather apt to whimper:
Mild—but at times a sort of "*Hercules furens*:"
So that I almost think that the same skin
For one without—has two or three within.

The three concluding stanzas revert to Don Juan and the Duchess, but nothing is added to the story. The volume is dedicated to Mr. Swinburne.

MR. W. E. HENLEY contributes to the new number of "The World's Work" a poem in praise of the motor-car, called a "Song of Speed." The poem is prefaced by an appreciation of Mr. Henley by Mr. William Archer. In spite of Mr. Henley's joy in athletic activity, for many years he has been denied it. His "life-long struggle with ill-health" has left him crippled. Mr. Archer says:—

The whirligig of time has brought in a tardy revenge for his years of enforced inertia. It has brought in the high-power motor-car; and by the kindness of the friend to whom he dedicates this "Song of Speed," Mr. Henley has been enabled to taste in ample pleasure that keenest of sensations to which he has here given (I think it no rashness to aver) imperishable utterance. It was exquisitely opportune—or shall we say providential?—that, when the motor came Mr. Henley was here to sing it. Never was English poet better fitted for the task.

In these three or four hundred lines, we have not only a daring and vivid celebration of the new factor in human affairs, but a compendium of all the poet's art and philosophy. . . . I know not whether it is more pathetic or exhilarating to see this wounded foot-soldier suddenly snatched up from the battlefield, mounted on a magic steed, and finding, in the rush of its onset, inspiration for a new and spirit-stirring and exultant song.

The sense of rush and speed in the poem is certainly remarkable; it has a gusto, an exhilaration, which carry us along in a whirl. Yet the poem has thought as well, and expresses once again that philosophy which Mr. Henley has often given utterance to before. We quote some passages:—

*In the Eye of the Lord,
By the Will of the Lord,
Out of the infinite
Bounty dissembled,
Since Time began,
In the Hand of the Lord,
Speed!*

Speed—
Speed, and a world of new havings:
Red-rushing splendours
Of Dawn; the disturbing,
Long-drawn, tumultuous
Passions of Sunset;
And, these twain between,
The desperate, great anarchies,
The matchless serenitudes,
The magical, ravishing,
Changing, transforming
Trances of Daylight.

Mr. Henley sees in the adaptation of power which gives him this keen enjoyment an expression of the restless and prevailing energy of the race:—

For the Heart of Man
Tears at Man's destiny
Ever; and ever
Makes what it may
Of his wretched occasions,
His infinitesimal
Portion in Time,
His merely incomputable
Shred of Eternity,
His ninety-ninth part,
If you count by God's clock,
Of a second on Earth
In the lust and the pride
Of God's garment, the Flesh.

*So in the Eye of the Lord,
Under the Feet of the Lord,
Out of the measureless
Goodness and grace
In the Hand of the Lord,
Speed!
Speed on the Knees,
Speed in the Laugh,
Speed in the Gift,
Speed in the Trust of the Lord—
Speed!*

No one save Mr. Henley, we believe with Mr. Archer, could so have sung the praise of the motor-car. And the whole poem has a personal meaning and application which add to the force of its swinging rhythm.

THE first volume in Mr. John Allen's "Library Edition" of Ruskin is published this week. It contains the "Early Prose Writings, 1834-1843," some of which were published in his lifetime; others are now printed for the first time. From the diary of a tour undertaken with his parents in 1841 (Ruskin at that time was twenty-two) we quote the following characteristic passage, written at Lausanne:—

The sun is setting on Lake Lemman, and I am sitting at my own room window, watching the opposite outline. [The outline is drawn on the facing page of the MS.] The snow on the high point, fresh, is dazzlingly bright, but only there; it shades softly down on the red crags. I dim my eye—it glows like a moonrise in the grey sky. I cannot write for looking at it. Brighter yet! now it is running to the left, glowing on the pastures and pines. Oh, beautiful! The hills are all becoming misty fire, and all is grey beneath them and above. Yet redder! the middle bit is all snow; it is bursting into conflagration, over purple shades. Now the light has left the bases, but it is far along to the left on the broad field of snow—less and less—but redder and redder. Oh, glorious! It is going fast; only the middle peak has it still,—fading fast, fading—gone. All is cold but the sky, whose spray clouds are red above, and a soft clear twilight still far down the lake with the Voiron and the Salève against it. When shall I— Nay, now there is a faint red glow again on the snow fields to the left. It must have been a cloud which took it off before. When shall I see the sun set again on the Lake Lemman, and who will be with me—or who not? All is cold now.

AN experimental number of "John Bull" was published many months ago. Now the journal is seriously to be inaugurated, with the aid of a salon. But this salon is to be much less exclusive than the "Punch" Table, at which only one celebrated outsider has been privileged to sit. At the "John Bull Club" contributors, directors, and shareholders are to meet together and endeavour to revive the lost art of conversation. Ladies will be admitted, and at present over a hundred members have joined the club, the first meeting of which is to be held on "All Fools' Eve." At midnight precisely the first number is to be published. We hope some of the sparkle of the revived art of conversation will get into "John Bull's" pages.

THE bye-laws of the British Academy, now allowed by the Privy Council, regulate the number of the Fellows, sectional committees, the Council, and so forth. The number of ordinary Fellows is fixed at one hundred as a maximum, though the Academy may elect as few, apparently, as it pleases. The International Association of Academies has agreed to the admission of the association as a constituent academy in the philosophico-historic section, and Lord Reay has been nominated by the Academy as a member of the International Council. The Fellows are distributed under four main sectional committees, each having its own chairman—History and Archaeology, Philology, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence and Economics. Out of all this classification and machinery what is to come? We confess that we have no great hope.

IN a letter to the "Morning Post" apropos of two new theatres now being built in London, Mr. Gordon Craig says:—

There is but one good plan on which the auditorium of a modern theatre should be designed—it is the design from

Bayreuth repeated by the Germans at last in their Prinz Regenten Theatre at Munich. The Bayreuth plan makes it possible for nearly everyone in the house to view the stage from the same point.

It is not the Germans whom we have to thank for this, but a German artist. I read he had considerable difficulty in persuading the Germans that the design was at all practical.

Here in England we build more theatres than any other nation except America, and build them outrageously into the bargain. Our new theatres are the oldest things in the market. Perhaps the two houses which are to be flung up in the Strand will prove an exception.

Mr. Craig asserts that what he calls the "old pattern" theatre is responsible for half the bad work on the stage. He refers, of course, to the setting. The bad work which we are continually invited to see in the way of drama has nothing to do with architectural construction. Perhaps if it had we should feel more hopeful.

THE doubt cast upon the authenticity of certain objects in the Louvre, and in particular upon the genuineness of the Tiara of Saitapharnes, has resulted in the withdrawal of the Tiara from public view. This action, we learn from "The Times," was largely inspired by the reasons given by Dr. Murray, of the British Museum, as reported by the London correspondent of the "Matin." Dr. Murray, who has recently been nominated correspondent of the Institut de France, received a letter from a certain Mr. Hochmann, of Olbia, in the south of Russia, offering the Tiara to him. Dr. Murray mistrusted his correspondent, and replied that he had no desire to see the Tiara. The same person came to London later, and offered to Dr. Murray several objects in gold, which were at once recognised as false. They found a purchaser, however, in Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Dr. Murray is certain that the Tiara is false, though he acknowledges that he has against him three competent British authorities. The band which encircles the top of the Tiara is, Dr. Murray maintains, the only genuine part of it; the rest he declares to be of recent Russian manufacture; and that band never formed part of a Tiara, but of some form of cup. Dr. Murray was careful to add that he made no charge against the directors of the Louvre, which "is the first museum in the world, owing to the authenticity and the value of its contents."

BEFORE the recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society devoted to the commemoration of the tercentenary of Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Edmund Gosse delivered an appreciation of Sir Walter Raleigh and his time. Side by side with the narrow and insular spirit, though valuable, in its way, of Robert Cecil—

there moved a class of mind which clothed the unknown in a robe of purple vapour, exalting, transfiguring, exaggerating all remote and unexperienced facts in a magnificent sunset light of glory. And the very prototype of this class of Elizabethan temperament was that paladin of geographical romance, Sir Walter Raleigh. It was a remarkable tribute to the force and genius of Raleigh that he was recognised in his own age, and had been vaunted ever since as the patron as well as the prototype of geography as a form of imaginative literature.

To-day, in the popular mind, Raleigh gets credit for what he planned to do as well as for what he never accomplished. He is associated with Virginia, yet he never set foot in what we call North America:—

His nostrils never snuffed the fragrant air which blew out into the Atlantic from North Carolina to meet the colonists; in his bodily presence he never touched those aromatic cedars of Wokoken, never tasted the wild grapes of Roanoke. But in spirit he was there through good and evil estate. His was the brain that planned, the persistence that carried out, the

courage that would never relinquish the design. And the promised land of Virginia was his in history, although he only gazed at it from the fringes of the cloud.

Lady Raleigh wrote to Cecil: "I hope, for my sake, you will rather draw Sir Walter East than help him forward toward the sunset." Yet he forever strained towards the West. Mr. Gosse well said:—

He represented to us, he would always represent to successive generations, the man who travelled, not to lay the foundations of experience, but to set a pinnacle on the finished edifice of his culture. Into the sunset Raleigh took an intellect which was one of the most powerful and most highly trained of the rich Elizabethan age. He was poet, historian, chemist, soldier, philosopher, courtier: he carried with him on his geographical expedition the prestige, the skill, the basis of ripe thought which all this commerce with the world of men and books had given him.

Raleigh represented, indeed, applied imagination at its best.

THE Boston "Literary World" is now under the editorial control of Mr. Bliss Carman, a poet who has done some invigorating work. The form of the journal is unaltered, but correspondence is included both from London and leading American cities.

THE memorial to the Venerable Bede is to take the form of an Anglian Cross, to be placed on a commanding site at Roker Point, Monkwearmouth, close to that St. Peter's Monastery which is so intimately associated with his name. The cost of the memorial is estimated at about £500, and the committee invite subscriptions.

THE news of the death of Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland probably brought to the minds of most readers only the "Hans Briemann Ballads." But those ballads were nothing in the sum of an astonishingly industrious life. Their issue was not regarded with much hope either by author or publisher, yet within a few weeks four thousand copies had passed into circulation. They are classics in their way; the fun is irresistible, and here and there touches of real poetry emerge with unexpected effect. Mr. Leland's life was as full and varied as his work. He fought in the barricades of Paris in 1848, and went through real fighting in the American Civil War; he translated Heine and studied law; he prospected for petroleum and coal, and was a keen politician. Twenty years of his life were spent in studying the English gypsies, and he discovered a lost Celtic tongue. Languages presented no difficulties to Mr. Leland; he picked them up with the utmost ease. As a folk-lorist he contributed much to our knowledge of a most valuable and fascinating science, and there comes fresh from the press another contribution to such knowledge in "Kulóskap the Master, and other Algoukia Poems," literally translated from Indian dialects by Mr. Leland and Prof. Oyney Prince. In addition to the forty to fifty volumes which he published, Mr. Leland contributed over two hundred articles to "Appleton's Cyclopædia." He was a man of delightful personality, and leaves behind him in some respects an almost unprecedented record.

WE have also to record the death of Dean Farrar. Dean Farrar wrote much, and achieved remarkable popularity; his appeal, indeed, was always a popular one; he was what may best be described perhaps as an eloquent writer. His best known work is probably the "Life of Christ," if we except "Eric" and perhaps "St. Winifred's" and

"Julian House." We cannot think that Dean Farrar's stories were healthy, excellent though they were in intention. "Eric" is a book whose sentiment is far removed from real boyishness, and we doubt whether boys of this generation would willingly take it up. Dean Farrar was essentially a preacher, and there are certain forms of literature, of which boys' stories are a part, in which preaching is unsuitable. Perhaps it is as a preacher that Dean Farrar best deserves to be remembered. His sermons had a certain flow and literary grace, though at all times he was too diffuse. In general he was too inclined to go with the tide and to supply what the public liked.

It is not often that we have such a book as Stevenson's "Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes," in a sixpenny edition, but we are all the more glad to see it on that account. Merely as a guide-book the little volume is admirable, though nothing could be further from the guide-book manner than its opening sentence: "The ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills." It would have interested Stevenson to know that these notes were to appear in a "People's Edition."

At the sale of the Carmichael Library at Sotheby's the other day the first edition of "Dante," with Landino's commentary and all the nineteen designs for the "Inferno" by Botticelli and Baldino, was bought by Mr. Quaritch for £1,000. Mr. Quaritch also purchased "La Divina Commedia," 1472, *editio princeps*, for £252, and a copy of the same date, but the second edition, for £7 less.

Bibliographical.

THE announcement that Mr. Clement Shorter is to contribute a volume on Mrs. Gaskell to the "English Men of Letters" series, recalls to mind a couple of passages in the essay on Mrs. Gaskell written by Miss Edna Lyall in 1897. Miss Lyall then mentioned the fact that "owing to the violent attacks to which her 'Life of Charlotte Brontë' gave rise, to a threatened action for libel on the part of some of those mentioned in the book, and to the manifold annoyances to which the publication of the biography subjected her, Mrs. Gaskell determined that no record of her own life should be written." Miss Lyall went on to say: "Mrs. Gaskell's wish regarding her own biography has, of course, been respected by her family; but the world is the poorer, and it is impossible not to regret that the life of so dearly loved a writer must never be attempted." We may take for granted, I think, that the difficulty here presented has been got over, and that Mr. Shorter will have, in the preparation of his volume, the co-operation of Mrs. Gaskell's relatives. Miss Lyall herself gave some biographical details about her sister novelist, some of the particulars having been supplied by Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Gaskell's daughter. Of these, Mr. Shorter, a careful and shrewd gleaner in the literary field, will no doubt avail himself. In external incident the life of Mrs. Gaskell was, of course, not rich.

Messrs. Routledge announce some interesting reproductions of time-honoured books. One of them is Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," which came out in 1849, and has not, so far as I know, been re-issued since. Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature" and Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets" have long been on Messrs. Routledge's list. The firm published an edition of the latter in 1894, and editions of the former in 1882 and 1892. "The Night-Side of Nature, or Ghosts and Ghost-seers," dates from 1848; it was re-issued in two volumes in 1852. "The Homes and Haunts" dates from 1847; ten years later there was an illustrated edition of it. With many of us it was a favourite in our youthful

days. The outline drawings by Frank Howard which are to illustrate the firm's "Ariel" Shakespeare (in forty volumes) last did duty, if I remember rightly, in an edition of the Bard brought out a good many years ago by Messrs. Nelson of Edinburgh. They have considerable merit of a kind. I am a little surprised to find that Messrs. Routledge propose to include among their "Half-Forgotten Books" the "Tom Bulkeley of Lissington" of Mr. Mounteney Jephson. This book, which is just thirty years old, is, I should say, wholly forgotten.

Leigh Hunt's spiritual eye should dwell well pleased upon the advertisement of the two-volume edition of his "Autobiography" which Messrs. Constable promise. For many years past the "Autobiography" has been obtainable, I believe, only in the little one-volume edition, with limp green cover, published by Messrs. Smith and Elder. I need not say that the work is well deserving of the handsome format and the ample annotation which Messrs. Constable no doubt have in store for it. It first appeared, in three volumes, in 1850. When it re-appeared in 1859 it had been revised by its author and re-revised by his son, Thornton Hunt.

Among the "Temple Autobiographies" will be that of Benjamin Franklin, which is, however, no stranger to the present generation of readers. Messrs. Blackie included it in one of their "Libraries" in 1894, and it figured in the "Minerva Library" in 1891. There had been other editions in 1889 and 1887, preceded by one in 1886 in Messrs. Cassell's "National Library." I presume the most desirable edition is that of 1818, published by Colburn in three volumes. It is certainly in every sense one of the historical autobiographies, and has itself been made the subject of a volume—"The Story of a Famous Book," published in 1871.

Another book of which we cannot well have too many editions is "Evelyn's Diary," which Messrs. Newnes are to add to their "Thin-paper Classics." This work has formed part of the "Chandos Classics" series since 1879, in which year also Mr. H. B. Wheatley gave us his four-volume edition of it. The second edition (1819) was reproduced in 1870. The diary had then been in one of Bohn's Libraries since 1859. It was first published by Colburn in 1818.

Forthcoming additions to Mr. Grant Richards's "World Library" will include, I see, Hume's "Essays" and Buckle's "History of Civilisation." The first of these was reproduced in the Lubbock series in 1894 and at three-and-six. The other made its most recent appearance last year, in the form of three volumes of the "Silver Library" at ten-and-six. Mr. Richards's editions of the two works will be, I should say, the cheapest ever put forward, and the works themselves have the advantage of being by no means hackneyed.

"Roses of Parnassus" is the general title of a series of paper-covered booklets, of which Messrs. R. Grant & Son, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Brimley Johnson, of London, have sent out the first item. Is not the title a little too suggestive of that of the "Flowers of Parnassus" series of Mr. John Lane? I should think that the two would be readily confused. The first booklet, it is stated, went into four editions between February 25 and March 12 of this year; but what were the numbers in each case? "Edition," in itself, means nothing.

I see that Messrs. Cassell have brought out the third and last volume of their "Living London." No one seems to have noticed, or at least mentioned, that "Living London" was the title of a book by George Augustus Sala published just twenty years ago.

In my note on the more recent editions of, and selections from, "Hakluyt's Voyages," I ought to have recorded that Mr. E. J. Payne's two series of selections therefrom, published by Mr. Frowde, reached a second edition, respectively, in 1900 and the present year.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Poet on Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FORERUNNERS. Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and its Development from Early English. By Sidney Lanier. 2 vols. (Heinemann. 30s. net.)

THESE volumes, we are told, consist of two lectures delivered, respectively, before the John Hopkins University and before a ladies' class, in Baltimore, during the winter of 1879-80. They were not revised, but "the material fell together with merely a little pruning of repetitions." One cannot, therefore, justly regard them and criticise them as a definite or scientific study of Shakespeare and his precursors. Yet since they are republished in the form of a collective treatise, they necessarily claim such criticism. The only course, therefore, is to consider them as a coherent study, with a recommendation to mercy (so to speak) on the ground of their origin. They bear evidence of the most zealous and loving study; they are full of interest and eloquence, shot with charming lights of fancy—in a word, most pleasant reading. Yet they have more of the poet than of the systematic literary student. Where so much zealous labour has been employed, it would be both harsh and misleading to call them superficial: yet there is a sense in which the adjective might be used. With an elaborate ostentation of method, they are yet essentially capricious, flighty, without true vertebration in a considerable portion. The connections are often fanciful rather than inherent and sound. They savour more of the poet, bringing together far-fetched ideas and resemblances, than the calm student of cause and effect. A study of Shakespeare's forerunners would naturally suggest to us, above all, the dramatic poets who preceded him. But precisely these it is that Lanier does not study. He goes back to early English, where Shakespeare's predecessors are found to be Cynewulf, with the anonymous authors of the "Soul to the Dead Body," "Beowulf," and the "Legend of St. Juliana." He gets his connection by what we can but call and consider fanciful comparisons between "The Soul to the Dead Body" and the Ghost in "Hamlet," the view of Nature in "Beowulf" and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Phoenix" of Cynewulf and the "Phoenix and Dove" very dubiously assigned to Shakespeare, woman in the "Legend of St. Juliana" and in "Love's Labour's Lost" (of all Shakespearean dramas in the world!). After this fashion we would undertake with confidence—and some leisure—to connect anybody with anything. It needs a mere ingenious exercise of fancy. Not imagination—that is a quite deeper matter. In truth, Lanier's redundant fancy continually runs away with him. Then, coming to the sixteenth century, he selects as Shakespearean forerunners the sonnet-writers, from Surrey onward. Very good. But why these more than any other species of poet? If there be any reason save that Lanier loved the sonnetteers, and thought them neglected, and liked to talk about them—we have failed to discover it. A very pretty reason, doubtless, for a poet turned lecturer; but it does not pan out quite so satisfyingly in a two volume treatise.

Yet, if you trouble yourself no more than Lanier about this delightful inconsequence, you will find abundant charm in the manner. The poet in Lanier ever and again reveals itself, as in this exquisite passage on Shakespeare's forty-third sonnet:—

Note particularly how the thought skips daintily from one idea to another, just touching each with a sort of salutation. You will see that ever and anon, by using a term in a double sense, he causes two significations to meet in the same word, like two lips at the same point, and there to kiss out a new hint of meaning. Nothing can be more agile and dainty than

this movement, where one hint turns the thought off at a pretty angle towards another, like a tiny stream in a meadow, whose current flowing against a blade of grass is deflected by the mere kiss of it towards the daisy at the other side, and thence again deflected to the water-lily at the other side, and so on in a hundred gracious zigzags, all between flowers.

For a style thus full of delicate allusions (says Lanier) the Chinese have a name which means a *dragon-fly sipping water*; and if you have—

watched a burnished-blue dragon fly come sailing down upon wings so filmy that they seem like mere summer dreams of wings, until he just delicately touches the still surface of the water, makes believe to take a mere dream of a drink, and airily flutters away,—you will realise how vividly the oriental expression hits off this charming old process of sixteenth century thought, in which Shakespeare was so adroit.

A style so dainty and seductive as this would cover many faults of plan. In the second volume Lanier leads up to his subject by an elaborate attempt to reconstruct the life of Shakespeare's time; which has a like charm, but also somewhat of like defect. "The Music of Shakespeare's Time" is the best and completest section—a theme after Lanier's own heart; but too technical for us to dwell upon it here. "The Domestic Life of Shakespeare's Time" is very ambitious in scheme. But that flightiness of Lanier intervenes. He conceives the idea of representing his subject something after the fashion of the historical novelist, congenial to his poetic mind; abandons the conception, yet strives to work in part of it along with a more prosaic manner of presentation; and after all, we find that we have but a fragmentary notion of his theme, less complete and representative than a systematic writer would have given us by an accumulation of careful prosaic detail. Yet here again there is plenty of interest by the way. Better than his full pictures of the revels at Kenilworth, his disquisitions on the stage, the pulpit, or medicine, is a quite personal passage which he quotes from a letter of Master Robert Laneham, Queen Elizabeth's usher, describing his daily life at Court. It is a right Shakespearean, though unconscious, revelation of the man's own character: one thinks of Byron's sketch of Boyet, the usher in "Love's Labour's Lost." It is also an admirable side-light on what one may call the back stairs of Court life. At eight in the morning he goes to "My Lord's chamber, or my Lord's president's":—

There at the cupboard, after I have eaten the manchert served over-night for livery . . . I drink me up a good bowl of ale; when in a sweet pot it is defecated by all night's standing, the drink is the better, take that of me; and a morsel in a morning, with a sound draught, is very wholesome and good for the eyesight; then I am as fresh all the afternoon after, as I had eaten a whole piece of beef. Now, sir, if the council sit, I am at hand; wait at one inch, I warrant you: if any make babbling, "Peace," say I, "wot ye where ye are?" If I take a listener, or a pryer in at the chinks or the lockhole, I am by and by in the bones of him; but now they keep good order, they know me well enough: If he be a friend, or such a one as I like, I make him sit down by me on a form or a chest; let the rest walk, in God's name.

Of his languages, and how he exhibits them to this or that Ambassador and his men ("and I warrant you I answer him roundly, that they marvel to see such a fellow there: then laugh I, and say nothing"); of these things we must baulk the reader.

Shakespeare himself (apart from Shakespeare relatively) occupies only the last third of the second volume; and even here Lanier is busy with the working-out of a pet theory of his own, which seems to us not without its fancifulness. But though we only partially follow it, none the less it is interesting, and is handled so as to bring out much which is true and important in regard to the poet's development. Briefly, it is that Shakespeare's work, during the middle portion of his career, was embittered by some

tragic sorrow or calamity, from which he only emerged into a perfectly sane and sweet view of life in his very latest works. We admit there is evidence of a certain sourdness at one time, which recurs (after an interval) with supreme and final bitterness in "Timon." Such things are common to middle life. But continuous morbidity we cannot see. Nevertheless on this view Lanier bases his whole theory of the poet's development. In the final period, of which the "Tempest" and "A Winter's Tale" are examples, we willingly agree that Shakespeare reached a supreme sweetness and loftiness of widely tolerant outlook. It was the culminating sanity of a wise old age; and that he attained it after a passing period of stress, of bitterness, in mid-life may be admitted, without conceding all Lanier's overstrained conclusions.

The gradual evolution of this sane control and balance in all things is Lanier's theme. He traces it in metre, in character, in the poet's attitude towards the supernatural, towards man, and towards nature. He specially enlarges on his favourite theme of metre, where he is mostly sound. To be sure, he says the ear loves alliteration (repetition of consonants), but dislikes repetition of vowels, or assonance (to use a convenient term now strangely dropped for uncouth substitutes). Which we could prove nonsense. Consonants represent law, vowels chaos or accident, he says; but it would have been truer to say that vowels represent emotion. But he is right in tracing Shakespeare's progress from formal metrical law to the combination of law with liberty. A freer use of double endings (redundant syllables) and weak endings (in particles, conjunctions, and the like) in his lines is one element of this. But the great difference is the passage from a linear structure, with regular pause at the end of line or couplet, to an interlocked structure, where the sense is carried over from line to line, and the chief grammatical pause occurs freely at any place within the line itself. The intricate harmonies of the latest plays are very different from the simple melodic flow of the early plays, and from the verse of his fellow-dramatists. By such mechanic tests, the Shakespearean portions of "Henry VIII." and "The Two Noble Kinsmen" have been distinguished from the Fletcher portions. But indeed anyone with an ear can tell at once the Shakespeare passages of either play without recourse to such tests. The outcome of this metrical section and those which follow it is that the poet's power of harmonising the conflicting forces of life and art grew together, his control of both being serenely complete in his final works. That is a true and thoughtful conclusion, which outweighs occasional whimsicalness in its working-out. Lanier's tendency to fanciful ingenuity, by the way, is seen in his curious fondness for "Love's Labour's Lost," the most immature and "conceited" (in the Elizabethan sense) of all Shakespeare's plays, which he quotes oftener than any other. There lies the weakness of these volumes, so full of varied, if too inconsecutive suggestion.

High Thought in the Orient.

THE IDEALS OF THE EAST. By Kakasu Okakura. (Murray. 5s. net.)

THE first thing to note anent this book is that the idealists of the East are throwing us over. The fact that their regard rests sympathetically on the Pre-Raphaelite school merely enhances the effect of their shrugs at what is essentially *We*. Mr. Okakura travelled in 1886 on behalf of the Japanese Government "to study the art-history and movements of Europe and the United States." He returned with an invigorated love of the art of Asia, to which he sacrificed in 1897 an official art-directorship. He is now the presiding genius of a sort of Japanese Merton Abbey—the Nippon Bijutsuin, and grouped about him are thirty-nine of the "strongest young artists in

Japan," most of whose names have, it is to be supposed, become famous since the publication in 1886 of Anderson's monumental "Pictorial Arts of Japan." So the field lies open for a large illustrated work in which Mr. Okakura will incidentally make known the talents of Gaho, Taikan, Sessei, and the other artists whom Anderson ignored.

In the meanwhile we have this instructive essay written in English, so unimpeachable that it smacks (alas!) of the model exercise by the accomplished Jap himself. Mr. Okakura observes that "Asia is one"; she desires a peace which the world cannot give; unlike Europe, she is not for the means but the end. To look to the end is to have gods in view, and an artist true to the Asiatic spirit—an artist who is loftily Japanese, for instance—is not intent on prettinesses, or that objective veracity called realism. A dragon fighting a tiger in a drawing of the Laoist period is not simply a creature such as Topsell described in good faith, in conflict with a more familiar animal; in a word, the picture is not an anecdote. It is matter fighting spirit; it is everything finite disputing the sovereignty of Change.

Realism and symbolism cannot agree for long, and if we take realism—the thing as it seems to the material eye—to be the dominant aim of European art, we perceive how Asiatic art is characteristically misread. Another point is that the Oriental artist regarded the universe as a whole in the smallest detail of it as did Paracelsus (we remember). Says a modern poet too little appreciated:—

To the informing eye not hindered by bungling outlines,
Battle, advance, and retreat are even in splashes of rain.

This quotation should serve to illuminate Mr. Okakura's remark that Sesshu and Sesson, masters of the Ashikaga period in Japan (1400–1600 A.D.), aimed not at a depiction of nature, but at an essay on her. It would be absurd to say that the essay on nature, in other words the interpretative picture, as distinct from the transcript, is not plentifully met with in European galleries; but no instructed European of fame has so seen that composition is like "the creation of the world" as to defy laws of perspective which the common weakness of the human eye imposes upon him. A single flower might be as important in his mind's eye as Kwannon, the Universal Mother, and yet he would draw it according to the physical eye's view of it in relation to the other objects in his picture.

So much by way of broadly stating the issues between the European artist and the Asiatic. It is difference rather than antagonism which is marked by the influence of Buddha. In Jesus Christ, European art has idealised suffering without magnifying form. The Saviour is not Promethean. It is determined that the manger shall not be forgotten in the Cross. But there could be no reason for limiting the majesty that size can confer in the case of Buddha. His self-conquest offers a tale that sobers the hearer without paining him; his death, by indigestion, has just the banality which a great philosopher might choose as a means of scaring away mere theatre-goers from his cult; his bliss is imagined by the inspiration of blue skies that falter not over the loudest battle-fields. And so he rises enormous and placid with a gaze that might exact the homage of a wink from the carnivorous Sphinx herself. The Nara Period (700 to 800 A.D.) evolved a Buddha—

to be seen on the Yangtse below Tobar, near Kakoken . . . cut out of a single rock, a mountain in itself, and its size may be imagined from the fact that a large pine tree has grown in such a way as to take the place, without any apparent incongruity, of one of the spiral lines of the head-dress.

It is easier, however, to make such a Buddha than to specify what the original taught. Northern and Southern Buddhism are in contradiction, the former giving apparently the doctrine most characteristic of the genius of the philosopher. In India it is not unnatural that an accepted

faith should fail to preserve a memory of such of its tenets as are most divergent from the faith which it replaces.

There the most startling negations will be accepted from a seer as the natural evidence of his own emancipation, and fall on society with their full impetus of life, without for a moment disturbing that calm graduation of experience by which they were reached. Any Indian man or woman will worship at the feet of some inspired wayfarer who tells them that there can be no image of God . . . and go straightway . . . to pour water on the head of the Siva-lingam.

Hence, despite Buddha, India retains the "spiritual feudalism" of caste; and patriotism, the emotion which springs from a sense of diffused brotherliness only limited by the national boundaries, had no power to save that splendid peninsula from the thralldom of the West.

Japan, alone among the great nations of the Orient, has kept the animating fire of patriotism. A dialogue of the Kamakura period (1200-1400 A.D.) gives the following question and answer, the latter emanating from a noted scholar: "What would you do . . . if an army were to invade Japan, with Buddha as its generalissimo, and Confucius as his lieutenant?" "Strike off the head of Sakya-Muni, and steep the flesh of Confucius in brine."

There, incidentally, we see the oriental torture-instinct playfully rampant, but not without also seeing that to torture in such a case would be to sacrifice the operator's own tenderest nerves. Patriotism is then the most valuable of Japan's ideals, so long as it follow the maxim, "Not to use the sword but to be the sword." It has enabled her to become the "museum of Asiatic civilisation," and with all its boisterous emphasis it has not weakened her artistic instincts. "Not to display but to suggest" is still one of her mottoes, as in the days when the daimyo kept his treasures in his treasure house and would rest satisfied with such ornament as one vase or picture could give to his tea-room rather than injure an effect of unity and concentration.

Bret Harte.

THE LIFE OF BRET HARTE. By T. Edgar Pemberton. (Pearson. 16s.)

HARDLY more than ten months ago Bret Harte died; we could well have waited ten years for a "Life" of him. It is always a matter of regret to us that a distinguished man's death nowadays should be the signal for the publication of an often undistinguished "Life." It is as though our generation could not be trusted to keep in memory work which has stimulated and delighted it; as though we must needs be reminded that the place of the dead can never be filled up. In reading Mr. Pemberton's book we have been conscious all along of a sense of something like intrusion—a feeling that we have been told things which we had no right and no desire to know. Not that Mr. Pemberton has been indiscreet; we have noticed nothing which could offend any reasonable person. At the same time, with the recollection of last May quite fresh in our minds, this weighty volume strikes us as born out of due time. When Bret Harte died, the country which he loved was blue with the wild hyacinths; before they have blossomed again we are let into certain intimacies of his private life. This, we feel most strongly, is not as it should be. We could have been content to wait not only for ten years, indeed, but for a score.

Yet having said so much, we must admit that Mr. Pemberton's biography has considerable interest; it is uncritical of Bret Harte's work, diffuse, and rather formless, yet its obvious sympathy and sincerity make it pleasant reading. Bret Harte's earlier years are treated much more fully than his later; in those earlier years he received his most lasting impressions, and accumulated the material to which he returned again and again for

his best work. Like a good many other writers, he was happy in a boyhood of some physical weakness—a weakness not serious enough to imply active discomfort, but sufficient to prevent reasonable parents from forcing his mental development. He was allowed to read what and where he chose. "I had access," he said, "to any number of books, and, owing to my supposed frail health, my ears were never boxed with the Latin Grammar. Besides, in addition to Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, Cervantes, and the rest of them, the irresistible Dickens was beginning to make a good show on my father's bookshelves." Bret Harte's allegiance to Dickens never failed; he was a true disciple, but never an imitator. In certain minor points there was so strong a resemblance between the outlook and temperament of the two writers that this seems rather remarkable. More remarkable still is the fact that Bret Harte, essentially and always an artist, was never hurt or revolted by Dickens's sentiment and pathos. He himself was absolutely incapable of many of Dickens's sins against art and nature, just as he was incapable of Dickens's extraordinary breadth and greatness, yet he accepted both with loyalty. Dickens, too, appreciated the younger man, and at the time of his death there was a letter on the way to Bret Harte in which Dickens had asked him to contribute to "All the Year Round."

At seventeen he was alone in San Francisco—a San Francisco emerging into comparative respectability. Bret Harte wrote of it later, "an unmistakable seriousness and respectability was the ruling sign of its governing class. . . . Even that peculiar quality of Californian humour which was apt to mitigate the extravagances of the revolver and the uncertainties of poker had no place in the decorous and responsible utterance of San Francisco." Here the writer's practical training began; he had before him the sharpest racial and social contrasts; old Spain met modern Europe, and the impassive Chinaman went benignly about mysterious businesses with that curious and melancholy humour of which Bret Harte caught the secret. It is interesting to note that he was not in any way a gambler; one experience, which he put on record himself, was enough, and that was almost accidental. The result at first was brilliant—then disastrous. It was certainly better for the world that Bret Harte decided rather to study Jack Hamlin than to emulate him.

Nothing turned up in San Francisco, so the youngster set out in the wake of the goldseekers whom he later called "The Argonauts of '49." With them, though he found little gold, he discovered his true vocation. The freedom of the life, the ups and downs of it, the sudden and blind justice of self-defending and shifting communities, the love of comrades—these things appealed irresistibly to a romantic sense which was just ripe to receive impressions. Bret Harte stored up these memories and kept them bright right to the end; he was always able to evolve from them some new situation, some humorous comment. Their freshness, perhaps, faded somewhat; we had become accustomed to the types, and were not as thankful to their creator as we should have been; but looking back now upon that series of brilliant studies our feeling is one of wonder that they continued to be so definite and irresistible.

Gold being scarce, Bret Harte became a messenger in the employment of the Adams Express Company—a dangerous and exhilarating post; then he drifted into a drug store, and after that became a compositor. This was followed by a spell of school-teaching, which was brought abruptly to a close by the removal to another settlement of the few families which had borne the bulk of the expense. He went a-soldiering, too. Mr. Pemberton tells us that "in the warfare with the Indians he fought through two campaigns to a staff appointment," and that when the Civil War broke out he joined the Volunteer City Guard of San Francisco as a reservist. But soon this "Colonel in the Army of the Potomac" had had

enough of adventures, and, in Mr. Henley's phrase, he "addicted himself to journalism," first in San Francisco and later elsewhere, until Europe claimed him. The story of those days is pretty familiar, and need not be repeated here; with the founding of the "Overland Monthly" Bret Harte began to come into his literary own, though it was long before he could count success in terms of the universal dollar. The universal dollar, indeed, was so scarce that he felt it necessary to secure some work outside literature; and America bestowed upon him one of those consulships which she seems to reserve for her deserving writers. In 1878 Bret Harte was appointed to Crefeld in Prussia, and later was transferred to the more congenial Glasgow.

He found England ready to receive and fête him, and he seems to have enjoyed his social success. Glasgow, we gather, saw little of her American Consul; letters accumulated for him at various addresses, and he snatched them up in passing about England. For a time social engagements left little leisure for writing, but gradually the need for expression returned to him and he settled down to work. Of his later years and his success, Mr. Pemberton has not much to tell: there descended upon him the commissions and the security which are sure indications of the man who has "arrived." But no incentive to turn out work mechanically ever moved Bret Harte. He was never a facile writer, and he always took infinite pains. Of modern story-writers Bret Harte and Stevenson were probably the most consistently artistic; each loved the deliberate and rounded phrase, each strove after that perfection which comes of labour as much as of intuition. To read Bret Harte is to be assured of the real artist's touch and temperament.

Mr. Pemberton devotes some space to defending Bret Harte from a charge which certain foolish people seem to have made, namely, that he evolved his characters, and gave to them virtues incompatible with the vices which he as frankly assigned to them. This kind of criticism, if it may be called criticism, calls for no reply; it is merely silly and futile. Mr. Pemberton is also inclined to be angry with those who thought they detected in Bret Harte's later work a certain failure of spontaneity and freshness. Excellent as Bret Harte's work was right up to the end, we think that it did begin to lack its old verve, its old joyful glamour. This was inevitable; no man can draw so continually upon the past, as did Bret Harte, without our being aware of an atmosphere reminiscent and slightly remote. Though Bret Harte wrote a few admirable stories not concerned with the people and places of his youth, it was to those people and places that he returned for his truest inspiration.

Mr. Pemberton prints a number of letters of Bret Harte's which help us to an appreciation of his kindly and generous personality. They seem, however, to be under our eyes too soon; personally we read certain of them with some reluctance. Mr. Pemberton's estimate of Bret Harte's work leans, not unnaturally, to the side of excessive eulogy. For ourselves, we should not yet attempt to place it, and predictions of immortality never yet served to do much for a writer's memory. But, as we have said, Mr. Pemberton is not critical, and sometimes he seems to write in the dark. Twice he refers to Bret Harte as the pioneer of the short story, which, of course, he was not.

Tid-bits Eclecticism.

THE SAILOR KING, WILLIAM THE FOURTH; HIS COURT AND HIS SUBJECTS. By Fitzgerald Molloy. 2 vols. (Hutchinson. 24s. net.)

THE seven years of the sovereignty of William IV., Mr. Molloy says in his preface, "are wells of interest, arising from sources intellectual rather than political; for the Sailor King reigned over subjects whose works remain our

proud heritage, whose names are dear to us as those of kin, whose intimate histories, touched with the glamour of romance or with direful tragedy, exercise a spell impossible to fiction and felt only in watching the action of mortals unconsciously obeying the dictates of fate." That is a very good example of Mr. Molloy's style. The words are fluent, and at first they are impressive; but there is neither deep feeling nor active thought behind them. To speak of "mortals unconsciously obeying the dictates of fate" is mechanical eloquence. It assumes predestination, and, as that is a subject on which from all time the greatest minds have perplexed themselves in vain, it cannot be regarded as solved by a facile phrase in the introduction to a popular history. Facility, indeed, is in one respect Mr. Molloy's besetting frailty. Sentences trip so easily from his pen that he does not pause to think whether it is sense or nonsense that they contain. In saying that the intimate histories of real people "exercise a spell impossible to fiction" he is merely polysyllabic without discrimination. There are historical novels that have a spell much greater than any to be found in formal history. In many cases we derive from the novelist a clearer understanding of a period than that which the historian conveys. For example, Mr. Disraeli as novelist dealt with the times that are now treated by Mr. Molloy as historian. Whilst the novelist's pages throb with the spirits of the age and interpret them, the historian's give neither a record of these spirits nor an interpretation.

On the other hand, Mr. Molloy's facility is not to be altogether deplored. It has enabled him to compile a presentable chronicle of an entertaining epoch. The literature he has produced is of the tid-bits order; but the disdain for work of that kind which is general in "literary circles" is largely an affectation. Work of the tid-bits kind is capable of being good, and when it is good it is far from being useless. Those who affect to despise it are in many cases persons who lack the painstaking faculty which produces it. It does not require originality; but originality is not the only gift that is needful to the world. In literature, as in other walks of life, there is work for hewers of wood and drawers of water as well as for artists, and it is as absurd to find the craftsman flouting the lowly labourers for useless rogues as it would be to hear an architect making fun of quarrymen and masons. The value of tid-bits literature, like that of any other commodity, depends upon its quality. That of Mr. Molloy's work is not bad. From the "wells of interest arising from sources intellectual" he has drawn water diligently and in abundance, and he pours it forth in streams which are usually limpid. Without giving anyone cause for complaint, he might have been a little less indefinite as to what the intellectual sources are. We have not gone far into his pages before we realise that the work is largely an echo of "The Greville Memoirs." To be fair, we must admit that Mr. Molloy frequently cites Greville as his authority; but at least as often, as in the passage in which the King kindly asks the Duke of Devonshire where he means to be buried, he does not "quote his author." Of course, we could not always expect him to. If he mentioned the source of his information in every case, his volumes would appear as scrap books undisguised and unashamed. Almost the only bit of fresh matter we have found in the work consists of excerpts from the letters of Miss Georgiana Sheridan, published by permission of her son, the Duke of Somerset; and these are not of the slightest importance.

Practically all the rest, as we have indicated, is compilation; but, of its kind, it is good. It lacks something of the verisimilitude which makes Greville's pages so absorbing; but that was inevitable. Greville's work is composed of narratives written, often night after night regularly, and but rarely after more than a week's lapse, in the excitement of the stirring times themselves; but Mr. Molloy's, necessarily, is merely a selection of the echoes,

passionless. Still, it is a careful selection, and it is something more. Greville's chronicles are almost wholly restricted to what came before him as Clerk of the Council, and are mainly concerned with the politics of the time. Therefore, as befits what may be called a comprehensive historian, Mr. Molloy, instead of dipping only into the wells of interest dug by Greville, makes complementary calls upon those which perpetuate the memories of such well-equipped gossips as Sir William Fraser. The result is that "The Sailor King" is rather an ampler narrative than any of the original works to which we have referred or alluded. It is cunningly eclectic. The great heart of the people is not much concerned with a scholarly thinker like Carlyle; but it is always susceptible to a religious enthusiast like Carlyle's companion Edward Irving. Therefore, while giving no account whatever of Carlyle's work, which will probably live for ever, Mr. Molloy devotes many pages to the hysterical work of Irving, which was evanescent. Similarly, whilst scarce a word is said of the hopes and forebodings about great public affairs which determined the conduct of Wellington, Peel, Disraeli, and all the greatest minds of the time, Mr. Molloy gives an elaborately detailed report, extending over three chapters, of the empty scandal in which Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton were involved. Mr. Molloy knows his public, and is eclectic in accord with its unanimous and sensational interests. That is to his credit in the matter of the making of books; but the credit is not of a high order.

Ney and a Contemporary.

MEMOIRS OF A CONTEMPORARY. Translated by Lionel Strachey. (Grant Richards. 12s.)

THE "Contemporary" who is the extraordinary and non-chalant heroine of these memoirs wishes to be known to the world as Ida Saint-Elme. She was the daughter of Count Leopold Ferdinand Tolstoy, and was born at Krustova, in Hungary, in 1749. At the age of twelve she tells us that she was married to a certain Van M., but even during these early years marital discipline sat easily upon her shoulders, for she was present, in male attire, at the battle of Valmy. Her energies, in more than one direction, were rather too much for Van M., who, however, committed the stupidity of granting her a too easily earned pardon. Irritated by this facile forgiveness, this curious woman abandoned her husband, and from that moment her career belongs to history.

Once more we see her in male attire and with no less a personage than General Moreau as her *ami intime*. The latter, indeed, offered to abandon his career for her sake, but Ida Saint-Elme refused the sacrifice. Destiny, which was playing such curious freaks with the French army, played no less strangely with the side issue of Ida's fortune. She meets Talleyrand, and becomes an inconsequent but exceptionally shrewd student of contemporary French history, which, at that period at all events, was European. She was not at all dazzled by the Abbé Maurice de Périgord; on the contrary, it was on the smaller side of this great man's character that which she dwells persistently.

The year 1798 witnessed her dignified friendship for the old Beaumarchais, and she gossips amiably about the author of the "Marriage of Figaro," who seems to have aroused her impulses towards the stage, of which Moreau strongly disapproved. Then follows the rupture with the French general, and Madame is once more upon the waves of chance. During this period she made her first appearance at the Théâtre-Français, which was a failure.

But now two ideals are mastering the wayward heart of Ida Saint-Elme, the one broad and impersonal, the other intense and intimate: they are the spirit of the French

Army and her consuming passion for its hero, Marshal Ney. The one ideal nerved her to share a man's glory, the other preserved her from a woman's infamy; she was faithful to both. She followed Ney "like a schoolboy" and was wounded in a cavalry charge at Eylau. She had already met Napoleon, and in 1807 she meets the man who called him his "Parisian brother-in-law," Murat, King of Naples, whom Ida welcomes as being, with Ney, "the bravest among the brave."

She dogs Ney's footsteps during the terrible campaign of 1812, and is present at the doom of Moscow. She meets Ney some little time after the catastrophe of the Beresina, and he turns upon her with fury. "What are you doing here? What do you want? Go away at once!" he exclaimed.

She does not see him again until the following year, in the Champs Elysées, when "a ray of pleasure flitted across his face," and he ordered his carriage to stop.

"Ney did not love me," comments Madame simply. "On the other hand," she continues, "he entertained a deep passion for his noble wife." And in that little sentence is laid bare a tragedy which, for Ida Saint-Elme, was deeper and more terrible than that of Moscow.

But Ida's dog-like fidelity never falters; she follows him to Waterloo, and sees him on his way to death by French bullets:—

He caught sight of me. Then, as though fearing to compromise his faithful friends, by the least sign of recognition, he bent his brow downward a trifle. He walked on with firm step. At that instant I discerned through the mist, in the centre of the square of troops, and standing out from the dark background of the wall, the firing squad. I tried to rush forward. Beltoc pulled me back, and forced me into the cab. Then I dropped weakly upon the seat. A few minutes elapsed, each a whole century long. Then I heard a sharp report. I went into a dead faint.

That report killed the ideal of the French Army in the heart of Ida Saint-Elme no less certainly than it had killed the other ideal. Henceforth she lived faithful "to the symbol of our faith," which permitted her to pray for the soul of Marshal Ney.

Apart altogether from the personality of this intrepid woman, these memoirs are an exceedingly interesting comment upon one of the most important periods of the world's history.

A Master Musician.

SCHUMANN. By Annie W. Patterson. The Master Musicians. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)

THE authoress's first sentence will hardly stand criticism. "Music," she says, "is not hereditary, else we should scarcely speak of it as a 'gift.'" Later on she explains that she is speaking of musical genius. Of course genius is not hereditary. And, generally speaking, the biographer's comments add little to the value of her undoubted skill in collecting and arranging her facts.

Robert Schumann was born at Zwickau on June 8, 1810. He died, after at least two years of insanity, near Bonn, on July 29, 1856. But even his forty-six years were many for a composer. His life, too, was happy in large degree. The marriage with Miss Clara Wieck, though long delayed by the bride's father, was one of rare success. Madame Schumann's unrivalled powers as an executant of her husband's compositions for the pianoforte was but one of the slightest of the many chains that bound them. Many of the composer's letters are here printed for the first time; and the biographer considers at some length the musician's claims to distinction as an essayist and critic. As in the case of Richard Wagner, however, whose music appealed so slightly to Schumann, the intellectual aspect of the composer is of less value in itself than for the light it may throw upon

the composer's work; and, as music has less relation with the intellect than has any other of the arts, this light is only too dim and deceptive. Hence a large portion of this volume is of interest merely to those who would measure the value of a man's work by the appeal of his personality to theirs, and though it is accepted that the artist reveals his personality through his work, and that the history of his life should therefore be an aid to the appreciation of his work, the connection in the case of music is hard to trace. For it is necessary to reaffirm the forgotten platitude that music is the language of emotion; not more, not less.

But it is of the very greatest interest to discover the attitude of composers to one another's music. As a rule the musician's secret thoughts on this matter are scarcely recognisable even to himself. The personal question supervenes. This was not so with Schumann, who wrote: "The artist who refuses to recognise the efforts of his contemporaries may be looked upon as lost." Nor was this mere epigram. To Schumann we owe the recognition, if not indeed the preservation, of much of the work of Schubert, which his successor, himself unappreciated and far from affluent, unearthed and lauded and realised. Hence the interest of Schumann's opinion of Wagner, whose "lack of melody" (how familiar the phrase!) he deplored. This, be it remembered, was in Wagner's early days when, as in "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser" and the "Flying Dutchman," he could and did write melody. What Schumann would have said of Tristan and the "Ring" we can only imagine. We must, however, take it as certain that this was an honest opinion.

Schumann's one opera, "Genoveva," is practically an unknown work. Miss Patterson believes that it has not had a fair hearing. The comparatively small space allotted to the music of the composer has been exceedingly well filled; and the thematic extracts and excellent portraits add considerably to the value of the volume.

War Echoes.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT. By George Lynch. (Newnes. 3s. 6d.)

MR. LYNCH's war impressions leave one curiously dulled, curiously apathetic. Time was, and that but a year or two ago, these random jottings would have rung clear and sent a livelier leap to the heart's blood. The times are altered now; something has changed. We have had our glut of battle. We have exchanged our bugles for a shepherd's pipe; we look for something pastoral; something of the nature of green fields. Something babbled; something milky if you will. But of drums and trappings we have had enough.

This part of the book is belated, born too late into an environment already satiated with such impressions. When the war was young, readers of newspapers had a very handsome glut of such things, and found them a sufficient excuse for not enlisting. At that time they supplied a want, but a want that was of the moment only. It cannot be urged that they possess any great historical value. One or two are of interest psychologically; the others are a gleaning of old fields, a spinning of old yarns, a pouring out of wine no longer heady. It is when he leaves South Africa for the newer, less chronicled Pekin, that Mr. Lynch justifies himself. Of the Legation Relief Force he has much to tell, much that comes freshly, out of date though the telling seems. He brings forward several scathing indictments of the Russian, French, and German contingents. He relates a few horrors, some so pitiable, full of such shame, such poignant wretchedness, they are best left unquoted. And he draws certain comparisons between the various contingents employed.

It is in the drawing of a comparison that a man's critical capacity is most surely tested, and it is here (as later on in the chapters dealing with New York) that we notice Mr. Lynch's shortcomings. He has no depth of insight; the aspect he sees is ever the superficial aspect. The thing he tells us is not the thing we wished to hear, but the thing we have heard, the thing we looked to hear. The author's wanderings have taught him just such things as he could have read comfortably at home. The author's book tells us just those things that we have been told long ago.

His style is pleasant and very readable. It is overwrought here and there, in phrases, for instance, such as "the detaining lingerage of a caress." Mr. Lynch's chief fault is a tendency towards the obvious.

Other New Books.

A BOOK OF THE COUNTRY AND THE GARDEN. By H. M. Batson. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

WE have often had occasion to say unkind but wholesome things about garden-books; the delicacy of the subject-matter has so frequently been made an excuse for sentimental maunderings about blossoms and sunsets and the inevitable fire "silhouetted against the light." But such criticism does not apply to Mr. Batson's volume; sentimental he is at times, but the sentiment is seldom overdone, and he is clearly a garden lover with knowledge and quite intelligent appreciation. He also writes pleasantly about other books of the same sort, notably of "Elizabeth" and the "Garden that I Love." Also Mr. Batson introduces people who seem real, and he has a sense of humour for which we are grateful.

The book is divided into chapters dealing with the months, beginning with March and ending with February. Mr. Batson follows the circuit of the year without over-elaboration, and with sufficient scientific allusion to give his work a touch of practical interest in addition to its national picturesqueness. As an instance of the author's sound taste we may quote the following:—

Nothing is more pleasing than good beds of stocks; their sweetness makes them the most valuable of the tender annuals. Marigolds of various kinds are useful, but these differ in value, such a one, for instance, as the newer French variety, Legion of Honour, being positively harmful to the eye in its outrageous unveiling of crimson and orange. Brown is the only possible combination with the natural deep yellow of marigolds, and the more brown there is the greater will be the success of the bed.

The illustrations to the volume by Mr. F. C. Gould and Mr. A. C. Gould are not satisfactory. The drawings of birds by Mr. A. C. Gould in particular make us turn to our Bewick with renewed delight.

KENSINGTON. By G. E. Mitton. (Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE fifth volume in the "Fascination of London Series" projected by Sir Walter Besant. Kensington is a rather misleading designation, as many people whose acquaintance with London is slight know to their cost. The borough whose shape Mr. Mitton describes as "strikingly like a man's leg and foot in a top boot" wanders about in a confusing and remarkable manner. It does not include all West Kensington, nor does it include the whole of Kensington Gardens, but on the north it somewhat unreasonably stretches up to and includes Kensal Green and its cemetery.

"The heart and core of Kensington," says Mr. Mitton, "is the district gathered around Kensington Square." There still hangs about it, for those who cherish such

memories, the fragrance of long-past and forgotten maids of honour; close by, in Young Street, Thackeray lived; further north lie the Palace and the delightful Gardens. The southern part of the borough is modern, uninteresting to the eye, comfortable, and perfectly respectable. So late as 1867 John Timbs wrote: "Kensington, a mile and a half west of Hyde Park Corner, contains the hamlets of Brompton, Earl's Court, the Gravel Pits, and part of Little Chelsea, now West Brompton . . ." At that time Brompton attracted invalids "on account of its genial air." So London changes, and in its growth forgets itself. There are no snipe now in the Brompton marshes; for them you have to go to Brompton shopkeepers. These little volumes are of great value in the keeping of fact and tradition pleasantly alive.

THE ART OF LIVING. By J. E. Buckrose. (The Gentlewoman Library. 5s.)

A Dainty volume of feminine lore set forth by one who, here at least, has no eye for the gutters of life, nor ear for the sorrows. Happy world, where there are only thirteen social problems; a cheery place after all in which to spend a life's span. All so simple, so delicate, so feminine, so sensuous; indeed the author confesses that it is a new idea, this art of living, just a matter of reading a few dialogues framed in the lightest of light stories; with the merest suggestion of overloaded colour and strained effect. And man? man is not a social problem; he comes in for mention, it is true, but he is not a problem; in these dialogues he sits rather in judgment, he is called the Master, and there is a finality about his opinions which are so obvious as to brook no contradiction. But woman has to face life, and life's problems; she must receive callers, keep house, manage servants, train children, bring out young girls, make friends, care for the sick, dress her position and grow old gracefully. There is perhaps no novelty about the selection of these problems, but the author deals with them in no stereotyped manner, and the dialogues run smoothly with a happy mingling of epigram, and pathos, and flippancy.

JOLN, JONATHAN, AND MR. OPPER. By F. Oppen. (Grant Richards. 3s. net.)

SHAFTS OF SATIRE AND SYMBOLISM. By H. Pembroke Innes. (Broom. 1s. 2d.)

THE art of caricature is largely, of necessity, a satiric art: the art of satire, on the other hand, need not be caricature, though in unskilled hands it is likely to be so unconsciously. Many of Mr. Oppen's cartoons are clever and to the point. They appeared originally in the "New York American and Journal," but Mr. Oppen is kind enough to tell us that he believes in the English gentleman as much as his American brother: "in my opinion he is second to none in all the qualities that go to make an all round man." Mr. Oppen has a quite real and frank humour: the best work in this collection relates to the South African war.

Mr. Innes' "Satire and Symbolism" is largely of the unconscious caricature order. Mr. Innes appears to labour under a weight of earnestness hardly to be endured. He draws a bishop's monument, sticks it over with quotations such as "Proud man drest in little brief authority," and sets against it this: "An Epitaph (dedicated to wealthy clerics). 'Sell all thou hast, and distribute unto the poor.' 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God.'" We are not impressed. Neither are we impressed by the "Fancy Portrait of a Cheap Magazine Publisher," nor, indeed, by anything in this rather futile publication. Satire is a word which should be used with caution and a proper sense of its meaning.

The third and concluding volume of Messrs. Cassell's "Living London," edited by Mr. G. R. Sims, has just been issued. Mr. Sims writes of "London's Free Sights," "In London's Shadow Land," and so on, and altogether nearly sixty aspects of London are described. The publication is interesting, and, in its way, valuable, though the whole treatment is rather too superficial to appeal to the serious student of London. The appeal of the publication, however, was frankly popular, and as a popular work it deserves success. The illustrations are very numerous and well produced.

NEW EDITIONS: We are glad to have a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's "Prince Charles Edward Stuart" (Longmans). The book was originally published, with many illustrations, in 1900, by Messrs. Goupil. In the present issue the only illustration is a reproduction of a miniature portrait of the Young Pretender.—The second volume in the "Library of Liturgiology and Ecclesiology" is the "First Prayer Book of King Edward VI." (De La More Press). The book consists of a reprint, *verbatim et literatim*, of a Prayer Book issued in 1549. The text adopted is that of "an impression of the book printed by Edward Whitchurche, *Mense Martii*, as being in all probability the earliest edition."—The latest additions to the "World's Classics" (Grant Richards) are George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss" and Emerson's "English Traits." There is only one objection to these excellent reprints. The list of previous volumes facing the title page is an eyesore.

Fiction.

PEARL-MAIDEN. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans, Green. 6s.)

THIS is described in a sub-title as a Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. The story opens with the Christians marching round the arena before being cast to the lions, while Herod Agrippa sits upon his throne and is stricken down before the sport can begin. Nehushta, the Arab woman, rescues Rachel the Jewess, and brings up the little daughter Miriam, the "Pearl-Maiden," among the Essenes. We have copious pages in which the Roman, the Jew, and the Christian of this and that sect are mingled and complicated. The Pearl-Maiden walks as captive in Roman Triumph, and in the end is married—by a Bishop—to Marcus, who has become a Christian. Such a story invites comparison with three standards; it may rank with "Salambo" as an attempt to picture ancient life from the inside; it may be a "Hypatia" with modern problems translated into terms of the early centuries of our era; or it may be a Christmas book for the young, with a purpose of wrapping up a little history in a lot of fiction. Mr. Haggard's story falls mainly into the last category. He knows well enough how to tell a story. But he is always on the outside of his epoch, and is sometimes maddeningly didactic:—

Intellect Rome had in plenty; the noblest efforts of her genius are scarcely to be surpassed; her law is the foundation of the best of our codes of jurisprudence; art she borrowed but appreciated; her military system is still the wonder of the world.

And so on. But that sort of thing drags us back to the twentieth-century standpoint, when we should be lured to that of the first century. And the book is full of such. Moreover, even such obvious pieces of realism as the modes of address Mr. Haggard misses. The "Lord Caius" corresponds to nothing which Rome knew, for not even a slave used anything like the word "my Lord" when speaking to his master.

THE STUMBLING-BLOCK. By Edwin Pugh. (Heinemann. 6s.) Mr. PUGH has selected a difficult theme, and treated it, at any rate in certain aspects, with distinction. But we doubt whether he has treated it quite in the right way. To our thinking the character of Cambria called for a more analytical rendering; she is good as a sketch, hardly conclusive or convincing as a picture. Cambria is a girl whose love necessitates the elements of tragedy; the situation is well postulated, and there are moments in the story in which Mr. Pugh carries us completely with him. The concluding scene is admirable; it has just those incongruities, those pathetic irresponsible human touches, which make for actuality. The steps that lead up to that scene, however, are hardly on the same plane. We have an initial doubt as to the probability of Cambria's love for the gentlemanly, decent, but entirely commonplace Basterfield; but, accepting that, we have still further doubt as to her behaviour when he begins philandering with the attractive, womanly, and conscienceless Jill. Cambria was neurotic, and her kind of temperament seldom possesses the nerve and self-control by which Mr. Pugh makes her deliberately allow herself to be supplanted. On the other hand, when she allows Jill to drown without putting out a hand to save her, Mr. Pugh touches a terrible but perfectly reasonable possibility, and Cambria's subsequent action is well, if rather sketchily, developed.

Our general feeling is that Mr. Pugh has elected to treat a trying subject too lightly; it had opportunities which he has missed; now and then he deserts his theme for light digressions well enough in themselves, but quite unnecessary to the story. The opening chapters strike us in this light. So far as we can see, Cambria's early misfortunes and squalid life had no appreciable effect on her character; she would have been what she was in any circumstances. In the main the story is well written, though in certain natural descriptions Mr. Pugh forces the note and becomes staccato; he also, which is unusual with him, falls into stereotyped phrasing. We feel that the author of "Tony Drum," and that remarkable story "The Martyrdom of the Mouse" should do finer work than "The Stumbling-Block."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE ADVANCED GUARD.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER.

The story opens in India at that period of the last century when a man could settle down to enjoy his "monthly instalment of Dickens." But Sir Dugald Haigh had a perverse and original wife, and she would not leave him to Dickens and comfort. The conclusion escapes the conventional, but leaves a satisfactory sense of future possibilities: "Reduced in numbers, the Advanced-Guard held the frontier still." (Blackwood. 6s.)

CONTRASTS.

By FLORENCE HENNIKER.

Sixteen stories by the author of "In Scarlet and Grey." They display much sympathetic observation of modern life, and Mrs. Henniker's finished style is well adapted to the presentment of the finer shades of civilized emotion. Four of the stories have already appeared in "Cassell's Magazine" and "The Lady's Realm." (Lane. 6s.)

THE QUEEN'S QUANDARY.

By SAMUEL GORDON.

Mr. Gordon's new romance deals with the Court of Transmontany, a small state which has achieved independence, and of which, in the first chapter, Amanda is consecrated Queen. The plot is ingeniously woven of Court intrigues and of the diplomatic relations of Transmontany, which are involved with the marriage of Amanda. (Sand. 6s.)

THE STAR DREAMER.

By AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

The argument of the book is taken from Keats's "Endymion," and it is dedicated to Lady Stanley as a "story of a woman's influence." The story has a kind of double background—a herb-garden and a laboratory. Across these backgrounds move the figures of the heroine, her father, and her lover. The atmosphere combines open air with the closeness of sealed rooms. The influence of the stars finally makes for happiness and a pretty ending: "The dream life is over, David. We stand upon the threshold of the golden chamber. Shall we not enter?" (Constable. 6s.)

CORNELIUS.

By MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

A story with a rather conventional basic plot on inheritance lines, but showing skill in the working out of details. Much of the action takes place in Wales, where one of the characters inherited a small and ruined castle and a poorly-tended estate. To him Cornelius comes as gardener, and soon the narrative develops into a study of moods and temperaments. The charm of the book consists in the relations between two sisters, though all the characters are carefully studied. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

TOLD BY THE DEATH'S HEAD.

By MAURUS JOKAI.

A series of romantic adventures related by Hugo, a gunner, who was in charge of one of the batteries of Coblenz in the siege of 1688. On being tried for treason, Hugo made confession of twenty-one distinct crimes, and was ordered by the Prince to give the court a detailed account of each. He had been a ducal grand steward, a mendicant friar, a knight, a pirate, quack doctor, conjuror—to mention only a few of his many rôles—and his narrative is full of stirring incident. (Richards. 6s.)

THE PAGAN AT THE SHRINE.

By PAUL GWYNNE.

Another novel of Spanish life by the author of "Marta." This time Mr. Gwynne is largely concerned with the religious situation in Spain in the first half of the nineteenth century. At the age of sixteen Manuel entered the Company of Jesus as a novice, but, as he grew into manhood, the seductions of this world triumphed over his devotion to the next. His struggles are the subject of careful analysis. (Constable. 6s.)

A BRANDED NAME.

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

A romance of mystery, the scene of which varies between London and the Continent. The name was branded on a woman's shoulder—"a mark that would remain upon that shoulder so long as her life might continue." The story is full of machinations and adventures which have no concern with actual life. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE DANGER OF INNOCENCE.

By COSMO HAMILTON.

Satire. The growing practice of portraying in fiction thinly veiled public characters is here pushed to the farthest point. This is how two of the leaders of Mr. Hamilton's "Smart set" converse. The Duchess of Surrey, from her card table, greets an approaching statesman, "'Wot-O, Eppy!' she cried in her Covent-garden, good-natured way. 'Pip-pip, Duck,' replied Epsom, in the vernacular. 'Fifteen? Oh, blastation!' she continued . . .'" (Greening. 6s.)

We have also received: "The Wizard's Aunt," by Janet Laing (Dent); "A Prince of Sinners," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock); "The Jaded Eye," by Fergus Hume (John Long); "The Goldminer," by G. R. A. (Drane); "Two Women," by Harold Tremayne (Drane); "A Heroine of Reality," by Percy V. Donovan (Greening); "The Ice Maiden," by "Lady Frivol" (Greening); "Out of the Past," by H. C. F. Spurrell (Greening).

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Taken as Read.

PEOPLE are growing a little doubtful of free libraries as centres of literary light, and suspicions have been uttered—and printed—that the institutions which were to bring the noblest and best that has been thought and written within the reach of the humblest have succeeded only in disseminating a new taste in intoxicants. If Mr. Carnegie had begun his philanthropic activity forty years ago, he would have met with universal applause. For there was a time within the memory of the middle-aged when it was thought that the general populace was hungering for the world's classics, that if only the two could be brought into free and easy contact nothing more would remain to be done. The world would be educated, literary, cultured. Then came a dim perception that people, when they read at all, read for pleasure, and that the majority find their pleasure in reading something that is written on their own level, and are as uneasy in the best literary society as a plasterer would be at a Mayfair dinner-party. Wherefore there was founded the Home Reading Union, the object of which was to induce its members to read for a certain time every day something "improving." A certain number of people stuck doggedly to their vows, and we believe the world's classics secured some patronage from young ladies at the interval between high school and matrimony. But the statistics afforded by the sad custodians of free libraries prove that those institutions exist mainly for the free distribution of current fiction which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, and that the customers of free libraries seldom or never put down an order for an immortal. That is placed to the discredit of the free library. What else could be expected? Does anyone read the world's classics? Speaking roughly, and setting ten against a million, we should say that no one does.

The statement that no one reads the best-known authors is a paradox; but it is true. Its seeming absurdity comes from the fact that everyone knows their names. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare. Every man who has read anything would feel aggrieved at the suspicion that he did not know something of each. But who—beyond the small proportion of men who have read for classical honours at the universities—knows anything of Homer? Pope's Homer is not Homer at all, and Butcher and Lang's Translation is only a glorified crib. Even our English Milton—well—have you ever seen a man or a woman reading Milton in a railway train? Macaulay once was engaged in a dinner-table dispute as to the merits of "Paradise Lost." He was the one detractor against many admirers. And it presently appeared that Macaulay was the only one at the table who had read "Paradise Lost." There are some classics that the children of well-regulated households are made to read, the "Pilgrim's Progress" and Scott's novels, for example; but the child who is not so fortunate in

compulsion has probably missed his last chance of acquaintance with books he will henceforth know by name. The list might be extended to Bacon's Essays, Butler's "Hudibras," Keats' "Endymion," Byron's "Childe Harold": they are not "asked for." But let us keep to the original list, and add only Chaucer and Spenser. All men speak with respect of Edmund Spenser (though some confuse him with his namesake Herbert). But a small table-cloth would cover the men of London who have read the "Faerie Queene." On the other hand, there are probably few men of education in London, living in well furnished houses, who do not possess a copy of the "Faerie Queene." The constant flow of new editions of Great Authors is deceptive. They are regarded as part of the necessary furniture of the house—not of the mind; and having been duly and dutifully bought they are taught to know their place on their appointed shelf. They are taken as read. A man who was caught reading "Paradise Lost" for pleasure would find himself half-way between shame at the need for introduction to so old a friend and confusion at being discovered in an eccentricity. There are few men now who, when a new book is published, read an old one. More familiar is the spectacle of a man sitting down—with the world's classics around him and within an arm's reach—to read the latest novel from Mudie's. Those other works that stand silent and solemn upon the shelves are of infinitely greater import. He would never dream of denying that. But they are behind him; theoretically he has read them; or, if in a moment of honesty with himself he admits that he has not yet read them, he is determined to do so when business, the newspaper, and the novel will grant him that "little time we snatch from time." But the time never was and never will be; and his son will sell off the copies of the world's classics with the rest of the furniture and buy himself the latest fashion in chairs, tables and editions. He will buy the classics, as his father before him, paying the ransom for freedom to read what he pleases.

One may, however, view the situation with perfect equanimity. This ignoring of the greatest writers is no new thing, and it is only the allusiveness of current literature, with the assumption that everybody has read everything, that forces the ordinary man of ordinary education into a life of self-deception. For it is not only true that—roughly speaking—no one reads the world's classics to-day; it is also true that no one ever did read them. Without a certain effort to get at the right point of view, one is apt to miss the focus in looking at literary fame. The praise of Virgil, for example, has rung through nearly twenty centuries. But who were the bell-ringers? One forgets that this universal clangour was made by a comparatively small knot of enthusiastic readers and scholars. There was no "reading public" in the modern sense when the *Aeneid* was written and copied and handed about among the few and fit. We talk of Athens as the home of culture; but the Athenian read nothing. The conditions were much the same when Milton received for "Paradise Lost" a mere fraction of what a popular writer of to-day would get for a short story. It was the market-price; for most Englishmen could not read it, and most of the rest did not want to read it. But there were just a few who were ready to receive it. And the growth of the "reading public" of to-day has made very little difference. For these people who flock to the circulating library are not the people whose analogues were rushing after Sophocles' MSS. or waiting for Virgil's final emendations that he never made, or welcoming Chaucer, or hailing Milton. They are the people who in former times would have found their amusement in the circus, the arena, the cock-fight, or the bear-pit. They have lately discovered the fascination of print. That is all.

But the influence of the great writers is not diminished. There are still, as always, the few and fit, and through them the classics are distilled and filter through to the

masses beneath. The influence is indirect, but real and potent enough. You may see it most especially in that of the Bible. There is no book, one may say, published in the English tongue which does not show some runlets from that source, even though the writer has not looked inside the covers of the Bible since his infancy. How much of Shakespeare has filtered through into the literature of the moment! The great writer does not perish because he is read no more to-day than he ever was. He is read, as he always was, by the few, and these pass on his influence by innumerable channels and levels. These, to vary the metaphor, are as Darwin's earth-worms, fertilising the literary soil. And if people do not read Homer, has he not reached the people by way of "Ulysses" and the stage? And are we not promised two plays with Dante as the hero?

A Pioneer of Appreciation.

If we may judge from the re-issue of his writings during recent years, there would seem to be a growing interest in Hazlitt. One can only be glad of it, and welcome the republication now (by Messrs. Macmillan) of his "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" and "Lectures on the English Poets"—the two being comprised in one volume. Hazlitt should be a stimulus to the modern critic—less, we think, by way of contrast than of affinity. In the mere mechanics of his style, Hazlitt is modern: it is essentially the *style coupée*, the abrupt, discontinuous style of modern journalism. The exigencies of rapid writing force it on the journalist; his native impetuosity made it proper to Hazlitt. In general, Hazlitt is what the modern critic aims to be. The difference lies in the vitality and energy of his work. He is really among the earliest of impressionists, the begetters of appreciation—that method which a French writer has styled "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces." Between him and Leigh Hunt, we think, its parentage mainly lies. To downright appreciation there remained one step, which he did not take and Leigh Hunt did; nor have all modern critics taken it, unfortunately. But to this we shall return later. His energy and fulness of matter, his directness, are personal rather than of his time. Modern subtlety was represented then by De Quincey and Coleridge. In their different ways, Mr. Henley and Mr. G. K. Chesterton have the energy and directness of Hazlitt. But the bulk of modern critics show thin indeed beside him.

The limitations (it were unfair to call them faults) of his style have been seized once for all by De Quincey—whose own faults and virtues were exactly opposite. It has no organic unfolding and evolution, no development of sustained thought or eloquence; it does not progress but revolves round itself. It is brilliant by a series of discontinuous scintillations—a splintered and vitreous brilliancy, as De Quincey says. But it is brilliant. The characteristic excellencies of the curt and the continuous styles can hardly be conjoined. These lectures (for the "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" was originally delivered as lectures) are stimulant at every turn. To adapt what was said of Kean's acting, it is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. Between Kean's acting and Hazlitt's writing, indeed, there is much parity. The same incessant energy, the same abrupt, un-sequacious dazzle of point. It happens that one of the finest passages in this book is a description of Kean's "Richard III." "Actors we have only for a few seasons," says Hazlitt; "and therefore some account of them may be acceptable, if not to our contemporaries, to those who come after us." Posterity is abundantly grateful for his and Lamb's descriptions of Kean; since only through their eyes can we now see "the second name of men" in the annals of the English stage. Were it only

as a specimen of Hazlitt, we need not apologize for quoting this brilliant account:—

It is possible to form a higher conception of the character of Richard than that given by Mr. Kean; but we cannot imagine any character represented with greater distinctness and precision, more perfectly articulated in every part. Perhaps indeed there is too much of what is technically called execution. When we first saw this celebrated actor in the part, we thought he sometimes failed from an exuberance of manner, and dissipated the impression of the general character by the variety of his resources. To be complete, his delineation of it should have more solidity, depth, sustained and impassioned feeling, with somewhat less brilliancy, with fewer glancing lights, pointed transitions, and pantomimic evolutions.

If Mr. Kean does not entirely succeed in concentrating all the lines of the character . . . he gives an animation, vigour, and relief to the part which we have not seen equalled. In some parts he is deficient in dignity, and particularly in the scenes of state business, he has by no means an air of artificial authority. There is at times an aspiring elevation, an enthusiastic rapture in his expectations of attaining the crown, and at others a gloating expression of sullen delight, as if he already clenched the bauble, and held it in his grasp. The courtship scene with Lady Anne is an admirable exhibition of smooth and smiling villainy. The progress of wily adulation, of encroaching humility, is finely marked by his action, voice and eye. He seems, like the first Tempter, to approach his prey, secure of the event, and as if success had smoothed his way before him. The late Mr. Cooke's manner of representing this scene was more vehement, hurried, and full of anxious uncertainty. This, though more natural in general, was less in character in this particular instance. Richard should woo less as a lover than an actor—to show his mental superiority, and power of making others the playthings of his purposes. Mr. Kean's attitude in leaning against the side of the stage before he comes forward to address Lady Anne, is one of the most graceful and striking ever witnessed on the stage. It would do for Titian to paint. The frequent and rapid transition of his voice from the expression of the fiercest passion to the most familiar tones of conversation was that which gave a peculiar grace of novelty to his acting on his first appearance. This has been since imitated and caricatured by others, and he himself uses the artifice more sparingly than he did. His bye-play is excellent. His manner of bidding his friends "Good night," after pausing with the point of his sword drawn slowly backward and forward on the ground, as if considering the plan of the battle next day, is a particularly happy and natural thought. He gives to the two last acts of the play the greatest animation and effect. He fills every part of the stage; and makes up for the deficiency of his person by what has been sometimes objected to as an excess of action. The concluding scene in which he is killed by Richmond is the most brilliant of the whole. He fights at last like one drunk with wounds; and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is wrested from him, has a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had power to kill.

The intrinsic interest of this passage is so great as to excuse its length. Hazlitt describes Shakespeare as he describes Kean. He is not a great critic: he has not catholicity, he fails to enjoy many and various things of price. But where he does enjoy, he can communicate his perception and relish to the reader vividly. This is one function, at least, of appreciation. "Relish" is the word for Hazlitt's critical writing: when his blood is up, he "crowds and hurries and precipitates" his sentences; his writing is rich and "three inches on the ribs" (as he says of Falstaff's humour). It comes with gusto; he seems to roll the phrases on his tongue. Here is an average example from his lecture on "Twelfth Night":—

Shakespeare's comedy is of a pastoral and poetical cast. Folly is indigenous to the soil, and shoots out with native, happy, unchecked luxuriance. Absurdity has every encouragement afforded it; and nonsense has room to flourish in. Nothing is stunted by the churlish, icy hand of indifference or severity. The poet runs riot in a conceit, and idolises a quibble. His whole object is to turn the meanest or rudest objects to a pleasurable account. The relish which he has of a

pun, or of the quaint humour of a low character, does not interfere with the delight with which he describes a beautiful image, or the most refined love. The clown's forced jests do not spoil the sweetness of the character of Viola; the same house is big enough to hold Malvolio, the Countess, Maria, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

This repetition of one idea in many forms is characteristic of his profuse vitality. He does not shine in analysis, in the exposition of general or particular principles of art; though he has a measure of critical discernment as well as sheer relish. He remarks, truly, that the "Patience on a monument" image is not the best thing in that famous passage. He might have added that there is a much finer variant of the same idea in "Pericles":—

Thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.

He is, in fine, a Leigh Hunt with brains. The "Lectures on the English Poets" are inferior; they bring out all his limitations, with less of his power. Those limitations are profound, and disastrous. He has no perception of intellectual poetry: which is to say that he misses the soul in his zeal for the body. What defect it was which caused his crass incomprehension of Coleridge, who shall say? His pronouncements on the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" are woeful. Of Wordsworth he sees but half, and the least half. "He is the poet of mere sentiment," says Hazlitt. Wordsworth, the most philosophical (save one) of English poets! Of the "Excursion" he declares: "The line labours, the sentiment moves slow, but the poem stands stock-still. The reader makes no way from the first line to the last." That is, one reader made no way, and the name of him Hazlitt. If critics would drop the assumption to speak for the universe, and frankly say: "I cannot do this; I cannot feel that." It is the completing grace of appreciation, the last to be acquired; and that final step which (we before hinted) Hazlitt never took. The larger number of modern critics, who have adopted all other methods proper to appreciation, still fail to take it. Yet, in that some have taken it, we can lay to our souls a certain measure of advance on Hazlitt. His splendid *verve*, alas! few of us may hope to capture.

Another Humourist.

YET another reputation is wafted across the Atlantic; and one feels almost ashamed that until this year Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has remained outside the sphere of the English critic. In America he has had a vogue, and we have recently read that "not only is Mr. Lewis accepted as a great humourist, but there are some among the best critics who place him in a class entirely by himself, as superior to Bret Harte, Mark Twain, or any other of the humourist national writers." Now this challenges a comparison between Mr. Lewis and the national humourists of the United States, and suggests an inquiry whether Mr. Lewis has really opened a new school—as Mr. Dooley has done—or is merely a successful pupil of the old school. The inquiry is timely at this moment, for now we, of England, have the opportunity of ordering Mr. Lewis from the libraries. "Wolfville," the volume of stories which has achieved an extraordinary popularity in America, has been only technically published in England. Now, from Messrs. Isbister comes this and the "Wolfville Days," which is a continuation of the former. The two volumes contain thirty or forty short stories, and they are all centred about Wolfville, which is a camp in Arizona, not far from Red Dog. Mr. Lewis has taken a small community with elemental passions tempered by six-shooters,

and having interviewed an old cattleman, gets from him reminiscences of Texas and Cherokee, and old man Enright, and Doc Peets, and the rest of the miners and ranchmen who left their real names with their wives and relatives in the Eastern States. The Old Cattleman intersperses his stories of Wolfville with reflections on life, death, and that great For Ever, from the point of view of a man who is not "stuck on reading," reckons time by "second drink time in the morning," or "fourth drink time in the afternoon," as a ship marks the hours by bells, and distinguishes accurately between a murder and a "killin'." It is a "killin'" when both parties start level and are unanimous as to the purpose in view. We will take a passage from the story of "The Man from Red Dog." Red Dog was a rival camp, and "ornery." The meaning of "ornery," according to the cattleman's elaborate explanation, lies in the application of it. It may be applied to old Cape Willingham, who wears a false eye and carries another in his pocket which he substitutes when the real eye becomes bloodshot from potatoes, and unsymmetrical. So sometimes "ornery" means "extraordinary." However, for the quotation:—

Thar a'int no time much throwed away with a dool in the South-west. The people's mighty extemporaneous, an' don't go browsin' 'round none sendin' challenges in writin', an' that sort of flabdoodle. When a gent notices the signs a-gettin' about right for him to go on the war-path, he picks out his meat, surges up, and declar's himse'f. The victim, who is most likely a mighty serious an' experienced parson, dont copper the play by makin' vain remarks, but brings his gatlin' into play surprisin'. Next it's bang! bang! bang! mixed up with flashes an' white smoke, an' the dool is over complete. The gent who still adorns our midst takes a drink on the house, while St. Peter onbars things a lot an' arranges gate an' seat checks with the other in the realms of light. That's all thar is to it. The tide of life ag'in flows onward to the eternal sea, an' nary ripple.

There is a point of view in that comment, and an interesting one. But it is not a new one. The "humorous national writers" of America have long ago come upon the combination of simplicity, savagery and sentimentality that marks the men who live on the outskirts of civilisation, and it was this that gave Bret Harte the first fine fury of inspiration. To this must be added the undercurrent of irreverence which makes the froth of American humour. It appears even in the strenuous evangelists, such as Mr. Moody, who have raised us out of our boots (the poker slang of Mr. Lewis is infectious); it appears in Max Adeler's—

He has gone we hope to heaven
(Funeral starts off at eleven)
Where he'll never more have pain,

and it appears in Mark Twain's "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." We take a specimen from "Wolfville" in which Boggs relates his religious experiences:—

"You sees," says Boggs, "thar's no good tryin' to hold out kyards on your Redeemer. If your heart ain't right, it's no use to set into the game. No cold deck goes. He sees plumb through every kyard you holds, an' nothin' but a straight deal does with Him. Nacherally, then, I thinks—bein' as how you can't bluff your way into heaven, an' recallin' the bad language I uses workin' them cattle—I won't even try. An' that's why, when resolvin' one winter to get religion mebbey next June, I persists in my sinful life."

There is little that is new in the new humourist, outside of the happy combination of ranching and poker slang, and that is so complicated that the English edition contains a glossary to enable you to distinguish between a longhorn and a shorthorn among men and to recognise nose-paint and mavericks on sight. But slang and irreverence are not new. Neither is sentiment such as Bret Harte ladled out from Poker Flat. Mr. Lewis follows as a junior classmate in his story of Whiskey Billy who died just before

his mother arrived under the impression that he was the "prop an' stay of Arizona." Says Texas:—

I never does track up with an old lady, white ha' red an' motherly, mind you, but I takes off my sombrero an' says: "You'll excuse me, marm, but I wants to trespass on your time long enough to ask your pardon for livin'."

Poker, cattle-ranching, drinking, irreverence, and a final touch of sentiment: that is the note of Mr. Lewis, who stands manifestly in the following of the national humourists of America. But his "Old Cattleman" is a character apart, and his incidental comments are delightful. Thus he says:—

I'm a mighty sight like that old longhorn who allows he's allers noticed if he lives through the month of March he lives through the rest of the year; so I figgers I'll hold together thot a-way until shorely March comin'.

And of courage—a quality always necessary at Wolfville:—

As I observes prior, courage is frequent the froot of what a gent dont know.

Mr. Lewis's poker players, ranchemen, and greasers are of the traditional type; but the cattleman is new, and it is his solemn recounting of Wolfville times that gives the touch of novelty to a series of stories which should appeal to England even without the vocabulary.

Impressions.

XXV.—Aldwych.

It was the last night of winter, and I stood alone in Aldwych, reading the name on a rough board nailed to a post.

The hour was one of the few in the twenty-four when London is strange and new. Between two and four in the morning she suffers her night change from restlessness to peace. Then the contour of her earth becomes visible; hills and valleys show themselves; beneath the multitude of her lights the curves of her streets, the character of her buildings, are revealed. At this hour the sense of personal identity waxes in the solitude of her familiar, yet most unfamiliar, vastness. The few wayfarers are remote, as fugitive under the eternal arch of the sky, as the changes upon the face of the streets that are forever altering and remodelling London.

"Aldwych!" A street lamp gleamed upon the black letters. It is a beginning—that is all. Rough planks make the roadway, which runs for a few yards between hoardings, skirting long-hidden buildings, and then loses itself in slums. All will go. Like an army this plank-laid lane will force its way, piercing, spreading, till, a few years hence, some home-returning Englishman will find the old landmarks gone, and in their place this sign-mark of material progress, superb and spacious—Aldwych.

Uncomplaining London! Not a day passes but something of yourself vanishes. In that great clearing by the Strand what memories lurk in the tumble of bricks and stones. Even the rats have gone now, and in the silence of this hour before dawn there is, besides myself, but one living person to say good-bye to the winter that has seen the breaking up of the Old and the beginning of this phase of the New London. He is the old man, grey, time-stained and bent who nods near his pail of burning coals. Behind him, far over his head, on the top of a new theatre, one white pillar points to the sky. That, too, in time must go, for London is ever being born again. One thing only will remain—the river. The Thames watched the birth of London; she will be flowing by broken bridges when London is no more. Just across the

road at the foot of a little, dark hill she passes on without rest, while London sleeps. What sights this river has seen: how much she knows. To-day she has trickled and spouted through meadows which are bright with the signs of spring. Beneath the shelter of her banks, where the sun falls, primroses have scattered themselves: she has seen the yellow celandine starting from the fields, and the early blossoms of the fruit trees. Where she has been the earth is trembling with the reluctant raptures of spring, which makes no sign in Aldwych. Out beyond, no longer controlled by bridges and embankments, the ancient river spreads herself, stretches out wider and wider till, her task done, she mingles with the ocean—her home, where, in the vastness, the sky is flecked by flights of birds following the spring.

The dawn is moving up over Aldwych. The old man stirs, and kicks his bit of fire into a flame. I see the huge crane, the blocks of stone ready to be hoisted, the board on which the name of the new street is painted, and the huge white building that has sprung up above the débris of the broken houses. New tenants are waiting to go in. Already their names are blazoned across the front. The old man rummages among the ancient bricks. He is like them. Neither hope, nor fear, nor hate can touch him now. This flaming New London is nothing to the night guardian of the tools that have broken up these dingy dwellings of Old London.

The old man huddles back into his shelter, and as he sleeps the first day of spring breaks over Aldwych.

Drama.

Prosit.

THE German invasion is upon us. From its base of operations in Great Queen Street, the drama of the Teuton is boldly proceeding to invest the strongholds of the British stage. The first to fall is the St. James's, where they are now playing an adaptation by Herr Rudolph Bleichmann of Herr Wilhelm Meyer-Förster's "Alt Heidelberg." I, for one, see nothing to regret in this. Even in these days of nationalism, art—thank heaven!—may dare to be cosmopolitan still; and certainly the British play is far from being in so healthy a state that it can afford to shut itself up from whatever wind of inspiration may come to it from beyond the seas. "Old Heidelberg" may at least teach us that to bring romance over the footlights it is not necessary to depart from modern life or to conjure up by careful archæology the semblance of what we fondly believe to be a less prosaic age. Herr Meyer-Förster builds his play upon the poetry of the Alma Mater, and catches a note of vernal passion which must appeal to the sentiment of all who have ever "flected their lives carelessly, as they did in the golden world," whether upon the banks of Neckar, or upon those of Isis. The critics point to the impossibility of transferring the scenes which take place at Heidelberg into the surroundings of an English University. That is quite true. The *Kellnerin* with the nearest arm always round her waist would be an odd feature in an undergraduate revel at Oxford or at Cambridge. I have a shrewd doubt whether she is quite typical even of Heidelberg. But the essence of the thing—the irresponsibility and the joy of life, the loyalty to tradition and the pride of manhood—that you will find wherever ardent and ambitious youth is gathered together. And even in small matters the similarity is quite as striking as the difference. There is an amusing bit of by-play in "Old Heidelberg," in which Graf von Asterberg of the Corps "Saxonia" instructs Prince Karl Heinrich how the lid of a *Bock* should be kept shut when there is beer in it,

and open when it is empty. Well, the precise rule prevails, and a breach of it is visited with a "sconce," in at least one Oxford hall.

"Old Heidelberg" is rather ill-named on the play-bill a "comedy." Actually it is a tragi-comedy. It has plenty of comic relief, lightly enough touched, but the main appeal is a serious one to the emotions. Herr Meyer-Förster finds his tragic principle in the contrast between the frank joyous humanity of the Heidelberg life and the starched and buckramed futilities of a stifling little German court. Prince Karl Heinrich has been brought up from childhood amongst the *Kammerherren* and flunkies of Sachsen-Karlsburg. Here, the only human soul is that of Dr. Jüttner, the boy's tutor. Dr Jüttner is a Heidelberg man, and obtains permission to take Karl Heinrich there for a year's residence. The two set out in the highest spirits. Dr. Jüttner is an admirable figure, admirably played by Mr. J. D. Beveridge, and the passages which show his disillusion at the discovery that he has grown too old to be a boy again are amongst the best in the play. But the central interest lies with Karl Heinrich. At Heidelberg the joy of life comes to him. He finds himself a human being, plunges into the traditions of the place and becomes a leader in the *Comus* rout of students. Also he falls into love with the pretty *Kellnerin*, Käthie Rüder. One joyous night, just as he has arranged with Käthie to drive in the spring woods together next day, the Staatsminister von Haugk is announced. The Prince of Sachsen-Karlsburg has had a stroke of paralysis, and Karl Heinrich must return home and take up the Regency. There is a fine scene in which the renunciation is made. Käthie is left broken-hearted. Two years elapse before the fourth act. Karl Heinrich is now a stiff young reigning prince, and the ideals of court life at Sachsen-Karlsburg are unchanged. But a day comes when a visit from the drunken old steward of his *Corps* at Heidelberg brings a flood of nostalgia upon him. He will see the Neckar and Käthie once again. He pays a hasty visit *incognito*. The students of his old *Corps* receive him, in frock-coats and top-hats. He invites them to a beer-drinking. It is a chilly business, and he does not keep them long. On him, too, as on poor old Jüttner, dead now some months ago, the disillusion has come. You cannot—

recapture
That first fine careless rapture.

And here comes Käthie. They know, both of them, that the past can never arise again from its ashes. Käthie is going to be married to an excellent young *Kellnar* in Vienna. Karl Heinrich, too, remembers that he is to marry a very beautiful princess. They part again, for the last time; and on the touching scene the curtain falls, leaving one with the sense of a very genuine play and of a performance which is quite adequate, and if only Miss Eva Moore had a little more temperament and a little less conscious art, and if Mr. Alexander would lay aside his nods and becks and wreathed smiles for a simpler and more sincere romantic method, would deserve to be called first-rate.

At Great Queen Street itself, the real German plays to a translation. "The Man and His Picture" is a version of "Sodom's Ende," by Herr Hermann Sudermann. Of this production I find it a little difficult to speak. The English seemed inadequate, and the histrionic ideals represented by Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer and Mr. Farmer Stein are not precisely those which appeal most forcibly to my private and personal taste. But I do not think that it would be wholly fair to judge the play by this rendering. Herr Sudermann is a dramatist of considerable reputation in Germany. In England he is best known as the author of "Magda," which many actresses of distinction have thought a desirable part. His "Es Lebe das Leben," which the

German company gave the other day, is just being published in an English version by Mrs. Edith Wharton. He strikes me, upon an extremely imperfect acquaintance, as a writer of little literary quality, and of considerable crude melodramatic force. "Sodom's Ende" is a rather dismal and sordid tragedy. It is named from a picture, the painter of which, Willy Janikow, makes, as artists sometimes do, the claim to live outside the moral law. His degeneracy and the tragic retribution which comes upon him are powerfully and unpleasantly portrayed. One is harrowed. Possibly, if the thing were better done, one might be moved. As it stands, the best feature of the performance is a very finished and rather pathetic study of an old man by Mr. O. B. Clarence. Miss Lilian Moubrey and Miss Gertrude Burnett also do well in minor parts. But ———.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

"John, my Boy—Dignify It."

"Thy native land need not grudge old Rome her pictures of the world; she has pictures of her own, pictures of England; and is it a new thing to toss up caps and shout—England against the world?" It is George Borrow who speaks, and the painter who inspired the passage, which follows this patriotic excerpt from "Lavengro," was a fellow East Anglian—Old Crome. Many to whom "The Norwich School" is empty of meaning, to whom Cotman, Stark, and Vincent are mere names, have a slumbering reverence for Crome through that sturdy panegyric in "Lavengro." It was inspired by the brother's determination to become an artist, and to herald the beginning of his career by journeying to Rome to see "the grand miracle" of art—Raphael's "Transfiguration." Then the eyes in the mighty figure of Borrow glowed with indignation, and the fine East Anglian accent rolled out the mind of him, ending thus: "Better stay at home, brother, at least for a season, and toil and strive 'midst groanings and despondency till thou hast attained excellence even as he has done—the little dark man with the brown coat and the top-boots, whose name will one day be considered the chief ornament of the old town, and whose works will at no distant period rank among the proudest pictures of England—and England against the world!—thy master, my brother, thy, at present, all too little considered master—Crome."

Art has suffered many phases since Crome, house-painter, drawing-master, and artist, died in 1821, whispering to his son these last words: "John, my boy, paint, but paint for fame; and if your subject is only a pig-stye—dignify it." That old Crome did: he dignified humble subjects. Indeed, a tree, set in the familiar scenery of his native country, often sufficed for subject; or a heath, or a river scene with a low sun, or a woodland piece with river and road. Such were the simple subjects that Crome painted again and again—mellow, rich, and restful transcripts of English rural life. There is no hurry about Crome, or the men he influenced. He never chose a subject because it was effective, or because it could outstare a neighbour at an exhibition. As a youth he had made a long and leisurely study of a collection of Dutch pictures, and the Dutchman's fondness for a low key of colour (and bitumen) had become part of him. Nothing wars in his pictures. They are pleasant to look upon, as comforting and unexciting as a flat English landscape on an equable day—warm, wooded, and unworried by motor-cars, the screech of locomotives, or a telegraph boy sauntering over the crest of a hill. His "beautiful rural pieces, with trees which might well tempt the wild birds to perch upon them," just suited

Borrow, and among the many picture exhibitions that have been opened in London this week (I received invitation cards to nine) there is one that George Borrow would have hugely enjoyed. The very title would have captivated him: "Cabinet Pictures by Painters of the Norwich School and Others." To walk into the room at the Fine Art Society, where it is held, is to go back a hundred years, to open a closed window and look out again on "rural pieces." But in Art we are children of the world as well as children of England, and even a patriotic East Anglian must smile when he recalls Borrow's: "Thou needest not run to Rome, brother, where lives the old Mariolater, after pictures of the world, whilst at home there are pictures of England."

Old Crome holds his own bravely in Room XX. of the National Gallery. There is his great "Mousehold Heath," solemn as a heath should be, yet not gloomy, with the staircase clouds rising across the great sky. The picture is not dark; but let your eyes wander round the walls till they fall on Crome's "Windmill," and you start with delight at the luminous glow that the sky holds. It shimmers with that golden glamour through which Crome, at his best, saw Nature. There is light on the green hill, light on the brown path that climbs over it, and light in the sky. Sitting before it, without loss of fealty to any of the Italians, one can understand the hypnotic power that this painter of rural England exercised over Borrow: indeed, under the spell of his "Windmill," it is not difficult to conjure up the figure of the little stout man in the brown coat and the top-boots, "whose face is very dark, and whose eye is vivacious"—old Crome. Pleasant it would have been to take his arm, and conduct him round two or three of the exhibitions that have been opened in London this week; pleasant to show him some half-a-dozen modern landscapes. More would bewilder him.

First I should have taken him to Messrs. Tooth's spring exhibition and shown him the Thaulows. Very different from anything Crome ever painted is Thaulow's "Winter in Norway." This brilliant presentment of sunshine on snow, with the river, every ripple vibrating and alive, dancing through its frozen borders, would have astonished Crome. I doubt if Thaulow has dignified the scene, and therein he would have fallen short of Crome's ideal, but he has contrived a very lively and beautiful picture. I know not what wild and strange wastes of snow country, sparkling under the winter sun, this river has run through before it reached the piled snow banks of this picture, where red wooden shanties set the white winter aflame. When I see the flash of a swallow's wing in the sunlight, or the silver gleam of a jumping fish, I think of Thaulow; of Crome at the close of day in full summer, when the task is done, and the country ripe.

What Crome would have said of Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's studies in the vestibule of the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists I cannot imagine. Nature was still brown and golden when he died. The eyes that were to see her purple, blue, and violet had not opened to disturb the mellow vision of the Norwich men. I fancy Crome would have liked the clouds that hang so lightly over the flat land in Mr. Paul Paul's "Going Home," and the solemn light that broods on the walls of Mr. Sydney Lee's "The Two Brewers"; but the decorative impulse that set those red banners whirling in Mr. Hans Trier's finely imagined view of St. Mark's, Venice, would have brought a look of distrust into his vivacious eyes. As a faithful student of the Dutchman, decorative impressionism was alien to old Crome. Alien to him, I am afraid, would have been Mr. Foottet's personal vision of Hyde Park Corner. It is a blue picture seen on one of those magical moonlit evenings when a shower of rain has cleared the sky, and the reflections of the lamps shimmer in the little pools of water left on the pavement, and in the wide roadway. This enwrapping of one of

London's most paintable parts in a mystery of violet light may seem extravagant to others besides old Crome, but when once a man trains himself to see colour, and to catch a momentary crepuscular effect on, say, one of these March days, he is a bold critic who will cry "that is not true, because I have not seen it so." In Kent the other evening the wild beauty of the colour in sky and on hills—purple, yellow and green—against a foreground of dark firs was quite as "impossible" as the colouring in Mr. Foottet's Hyde Park piece, or in his experiment in decorative impressionism from Wordsworth's country, called "Ere Twilight Crowns the Night."

The feet of landscape art now race and caper: in old Crome's they walked sedately. If we fail oftener, it is because we attempt more. We pursue light and colour, and strive to reproduce effects that are gone before we can say "Look, quick, look!" We are always in a hurry, with the date of the sending-in-days of half-a-dozen exhibitions pinned against the wall. The results are interesting, amusing, and suggestive; but the modern landscape painter is not, as a rule, training himself to say these parting words to his son: "John, my boy, if your subject is only a pig-stye—dignify it."

C. L. H.

Science.

The Enemy.

As the most important subject, scientific or otherwise, known to me, the tubercle bacillus should have headed my series. Indeed it is a pity to treat of anything else until this enemy be extinct. Whilst alluding to it on every possible occasion, I have delayed so that this week I might celebrate the coming of age of the discovery of the tubercle bacillus by Robert Koch of Berlin. His historic paper is dated March 24, 1882. Let us estimate the result, using human life as our criterion. In Germany, where the facts are known, the death-rate from this, the most widespread and deadly and preventable of all known diseases, has decreased from 31 to 21 per 10,000 since 1886. Call the population of Germany last year 60,000,000 for the sake of argument. This discovery saved 60,000 lives in Germany last year; just the number of deaths registered as due to tuberculosis in Great Britain in 1902. And anyone who knows the source of the statistics knows how far under the mark this figure is.

It may be taken as a fair statement, allowing only moderately for the known methods of filling in death certificates, that, if you take twenty minutes to read this article, three persons in this country will have died from tuberculosis before you finish it. Our own death-rate has declined at less than half the German rate. The thousands of lives lost represent the power of ignorance.

In 1500 Frascatorius guessed that tuberculosis was infectious. In 1865 Villemin, of Paris, proved it. In 1882 Koch found the cause. The life history of the bacillus is now well known. The means of infection are familiar, yet I believe there are people who still think this an hereditary disease. "What knowledge is of most worth?" asked Spencer in 1861.

Let us drop the old names for ever. Struma, scrofula, the "king's evil" cured by the "sovereign touch," phthisis, consumption, wasting (three synonyms), "decline"—all these darken counsel and cost lives. The disease is one and indivisible. Even "the white death" and "the great white plague" are better avoided until the public knows the name tuberculosis, and recognizes that this curse of civilisation is a preventable disease,—an evil that can be annihilated.

In Germany they have sanatoria and state insurance. In New York it costs 500 dollars or a year's imprisonment to spit in a tramcar; and in Paris they are framing a bye-law

to prevent anyone from putting even a morsel of rag or paper into the streets. The "Westminster Gazette" says this is "for hygienic purposes." It is. The "Pall Mall Gazette," commenting on spitting bye-laws, says this is a "dirty habit." It is. The "Illustrated London News" has a column called "Science Jottings" on the dangers of dust, and never even mentions tuberculosis. Our leading papers have no idea that the matter is one of life and death. Kensington, all honour to it, has just passed a bye-law which exacts forty shillings for spitting on the pavement. Dr. Cooper, Chairman of the Public Health Committee of the London County Council, tells me that the Home Secretary will not sanction a general bye-law against spitting. He is already tried and condemned, in 1903, before the bar of Preventive Medicine. I should like him to sit for a morning in the out-patient department of any general hospital in England, turning away—sentencing to death—one tuberculous patient after another, because others are filling the hospital beds,—and infecting their comparatively few non-tuberculous neighbours. There is no more sickening task on earth. I should like him to see the tubercle bacillus—I will swear he has never seen that which is, of all the created universe, man's greatest foe—I should like him to see it under the microscope in *one specimen in five* of sputum gathered at random from the streets of Liverpool. I should like to know whether he can faintly guess the answer to the question, "What preventable disease kills one in four to one in seven of all mankind?"

Already two of your fellow-subjects have died.

The law prevents the selling of tuberculous meat. Tuberculous milk is consumed all over the country. All our children are fed with the bacilli on occasion. It does not matter that uncooked milk is an unsafe food, even though the bacteriologist finds milk the most convenient material on which to make his cultures. They tell me that the short walking-skirt is coming into fashion. It is the first sign of sanity since European fashion began with Minos' female toreadors, who practised tight-lacing in Crete four thousand years ago. The dust of London consists, for practical purposes, of the daily contribution of five thousand tons from the horse—not that this much matters—and of tuberculous sputum. The inexpressibly filthy and indecent habit which permits a woman to trail her skirt on the pavement ensures that the bacilli shall be rescued from the air and sunlight which would soon kill them. They are brought into the house, where they can nestle in some dark corner, and infect the boy who cleans the infected boots, or the maid who brushes the infected skirt. I came across a king in Herodotus, the other day, who beheaded anyone that spat before him.

We have lost a possible sixth ode from Keats, the last movement of Schubert's noble symphony, the mature work of Chopin and Mendelssohn and Mozart and Stevenson, and the rare genius of Emily Brontë—and these are but a few at random. They had in superabundance Spencer's fourth class of knowledge: they could create beauty. But his first class, the knowledge how to keep oneself alive, they had not. They probably kept their bedroom windows shut, and they did not know that what the casual spitter spits is sometimes spittle, sometimes spittle and death.

This preventable disease exacts its toll of lives mainly from the young adult, from the class which the State has cared for, which is its capital, and from which it is about to reap interest. Sir James Crichton Browne has shown how tuberculosis is sapping the vitality of the nation. This argument may appeal to those few who are not familiar with tuberculosis in their own family.

Meanwhile a third victim has died of tuberculosis within our shores. He had probably been ill for four years.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Shakespeare's Street.

SIR,—Surely the letters of protest from Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Marie Corelli addressed to the "Morning Post" and ACADEMY will not be disregarded by the Stratford-on-Avon authorities who are responsible for the astounding decision with regard to the proposed Carnegie library to be established in their town?

To destroy any sixteenth and seventeenth century buildings in the world-revered Stratford-on-Avon is an unparalleled act of vandalism—of all towns it should be, and hitherto has been, held sacred, and protected from the hand of the restorer and votary of so-called "modern improvements." No words are strong enough to ring in protest against the destruction of Henley Street—we would not sacrifice it for a wilderness of free libraries.

—Yours, &c.,

S. O. A.

Wanted—Two Words.

SIR,—I have received two communications on the subject of my letter in the ACADEMY of 14th instant, which may perhaps interest your readers. One was from Mr. A. Hamonet, and the other from a gentleman at Toulouse. As the latter does not give his full address and only signs his initials, I am unable to thank him otherwise than in your columns.

Mr. Hamonet informs me that in Touraine the expression "mon pas fils" is familiarly applied to a step-son. (Then, why not "pas fille" to a step-daughter and "pas père" and "pas mère" to a step-father and step-mother respectively, or are all these, too, used?)

My Toulouse correspondent mentions the word "parâtre" as existing for step-father, but this is nearly obsolete, and, like "marâtre," is only used in an opprobrious sense. He adds: "In the South of France it is usual to call a step-father 'oncle,' and a step-mother 'tante.'" It seems to me that the two words are still "wanted," and, so far, "pas père" and "pas-mère" appear to fulfil the requirements, if generally adopted.—Yours, &c.,

61, Friends Road,
East Croydon.

EDWARD LATHAM.

"Mediaeval French Literature."

SIR,—There could be no insinuation of a breach of contract between Mr. Dent and Gaston Paris in my statement of my late friend's disappointment in the appearance of his book "Mediaeval French Literature," since I am not aware of the nature of the contract. I only know that Gaston Paris expressed to me and to a mutual intimate friend his disappointment, added to his great regret to see the book issued without my name associated with his on the title-page. It was relative to this omission (which Mr. Dent afterwards rectified on receiving a protest from my friend and from me) that Gaston Paris wrote to me on the subject.—Yours, &c.,

HANNAH LYNCH.

Iota's Title.

SIR,—In last week's ACADEMY, on p. 278, appears Iota's title, part of which is "She for God and Him." Milton, "Paradise Lost," iv., line 299, has "He for God only, She for God in Him"—a very different thing. Would you tell the authoress the mis-quotation?—Yours, &c.,

G. T. SADLER.

Wrexham.

Johnson or Goldsmith?

SIR,—In last week's admirable article, "The Praise of Famous Men," appears an allusion to Boswell. The words are: "There is Johnson's gibe: 'Is he like Burke, sir, who winds into a subject like a serpent?'" But surely the true gibe is Goldsmith's. I cannot for the moment find the passage in Boswell, but the gibe is quoted in Masson's "De Quincey." I give his words: "Admiring Johnson's extraordinary powers in that way [*sic* the conversational] as much as any man, but irritated by Boswell's perpetual harping on the theme, 'Is he like Burke, sir, who winds into a subject like a serpent?' Goldsmith was once moved to ask." Pardon the pedantry.—Yours, &c.,

Balsall Heath Vicarage,
Birmingham.

G. K. A. BELL.

Dublin Publishers.

SIR,—In a recent number of your journal you say that Ireland, following the example of Scotland, has now a publisher of her own in reference to one Dublin house. This, we think, is misleading, and might make some of your readers think that there is only one publisher in this country of any note, whereas there are many—some of course of less importance than the one mentioned by you. We think that we are at least as important a house, being in business here for more than forty years (formerly under the name of McGlashan & Gill), and our present catalogue, which we enclose, fairly indicates the class of books issued by us. Of course it includes only those now in print at present—and small in proportion, of course, to the total since we started business. Yet it is sixty pages in extent, and contains, amongst others, the names of the following, either as authors or editors: The late Thomas Arnold, M.A., Sarah Atkinson, M. McC. Bodkin, K.C., "Ethna Carbery" (Mrs. S. MacManus), David Comyn, Rev. Joseph Farrell, W. J. Fitzpatrick, Judge O'Hagan, the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, the Rev. E. Hogan, D.Litt., Douglas Hyde, LL.D., P. W. Joyce, LL.D., Patrick Kennedy, Rev. G. Tyrell, S.J., D. F. MacCarthy, Cardinal Moran, Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J., Rev. E. O'Growney, Rev. M. Russell, S.J., A. M. Sullivan, Katherine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson), Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D., Most Rev. Dr. Walsh. It includes also numerous works in connection with the revival of the Irish language and Anglo-Irish movements in their more popular aspects.—Yours, &c.,

M. H. GILL & SON.

50, O'Connell Street, Upper, Dublin.

"Hakluyt's Voyages."

SIR,—I am directed by Sir Clements Markham to state that the Hakluyt Society decided three years ago to publish in ten volumes the full text of Richard Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations," 1598-1600, with an index to each volume, and a general index, and they announced this intention certainly two years ago. Volume I. is now in type. Messrs. James Maclehose and Sons, of Glasgow, announce this week a similar edition. They admit the existence of the Hakluyt Society, but they state that "it is practically impossible for lovers of history, geographers, librarians . . . to procure the text of this book."

As nearly all readers who are interested in the subject, and the principal libraries in Great Britain and Ireland, America, and on the Continent, are members of the Hakluyt Society, Messrs. Maclehose's edition seems very unnecessary.—I am, &c.,

BASIL H. SOULSBY,
Hon. Secretary, Hakluyt Society.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 183 (New Series).

Last week we set a competition in the following terms:—

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the titles of the twelve most interesting books announced in our Supplement this week. A plébiscite will be taken of all the lists sent in, and the competitor whose selections most nearly answer to the general opinion will receive the prize.

An examination of the 90 lists received produces the following list as the collective choice of our readers. We call it

THE PLÉBISCITE LIST.

	Votes.
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward (Smith, Elder)	62
New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. By Sir J. Crichton Browne (Lane)	47
Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death. By F. W. H. Myers (Longmans)	47
The Vineyard. By John Oliver Hobbes (Unwin)	39
Swinburne's New Volume of Poems (Chatto and Windus)	36
The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By George Gissing (Constable)	35
More Letters of Charles Darwin (Murray)	29
The Untilled Field. By George Moore (Unwin)	26
Wordsworth. By Walter Raleigh (Arnold)	26
Life of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. By Sir A. Lyall (Murray)	26
The Life of Browning. By G. K. Chesterton (Macmillan)	23
Contemporary France. By M. Gabriel Hanotaux (Constable)	23

The largest number of books selected by one competitor in agreement with those in the above list is nine; and three competitors have been to that extent successful in anticipating the general judgment. We accordingly divide the prize equally between Mr. D. Rees, Belmont, Cardigan; Dr. Laing, 9, Tay Square, Dundee; and Mrs. Alfred Rogers, Knock, Co. Down, Ireland.

Mr. Rees's list is as follows:—

Lady Rose's Daughter. (Mrs. Humphry Ward.)
Wordsworth. (Raleigh.)
Browning. (Chesterton.)
More Letters of Charles Darwin.
Swinburne's Poems.
Sudermann's "Es Lebe das Leben." (Wharton.)
Contemporary France. (Hanotaux.)
Sir George Grove. (Graves.)
New Letters, &c., of Jane W. Carlyle. (Browne.)
Untilled Field. (George Moore.)
The Vineyard. (John Oliver Hobbes.)
Letters from the Holy Land. (Lady Butler.)

Dr. Laing's list:—

New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. (Sir J. Crichton Browne.)
Life of Lord Dufferin. (Sir Alfred Lyall.)
The Vineyard. (John Oliver Hobbes.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. (Mrs. Humphry Ward.)
Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. (George Gissing.)
Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death. (F. W. H. Myers.)
Children of Tempest. (Neil Munro.)
Browning. (Chesterton.)
Adventures of Harry Revel. (Quiller-Couch.)
Memories of Vailima. (Isabel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne.)
Mr. Swinburne's Volume of Poetry.
More Letters of Charles Darwin.

Mrs. Rogers's list:—

Lady Rose's Daughter. (Mrs. Humphry Ward.)
The Untilled Field. (George Moore.)
The Vineyard. (John Oliver Hobbes.)
Sudermann's "Es Lebe das Leben." (Mrs. Wharton.)
Swinburne's New Volume of Poems.
Human Personality and its Survival after Bodily Death. (F. W. H. Myers.)
New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. (Sir J. Crichton Browne.)
Contemporary France. (M. Gabriel Hanotaux.)
Life of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. (Sir A. Lyall.)
Memories of Vailima. (Isabel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne.)
Browning. (G. K. Chesterton.)
The Roman Road. (Zack.)

Three competitors were successful in naming eight out of the twelve books in the plébiscite list: Mr. J. Byers, Mr. E. Knox Linton, and Mr. Herbert Jamieson.

Fifteen competitors named seven: Miss L. G. Caddy, Mr. E. A. K. Bell, Mr. Isaac Edwards, Miss C. Bridges, Mr. H. R. Cross, Miss M. A. Clay, Miss M. C. Fogg, Mr. W. H. Brothers, Mr. L. W. Kempson, Mr. M. S. Clayton, Mr. Wm. Crawley, Mr. H. W. Atkins, Mr. W. M. Mackay, Mr. T. N. Foulis, and Miss E. M. Fraser.

The following twenty books stood next in order of favour in the collective opinion of the competitors:—

	Votes.
The Adventures of Harry Revel. By A. T. Quiller-Couch	
(Cassell)	22
The Roman Road. By "Zack."	(Constable) 19
Es Lebe das Leben. Translated by Edith Wharton	
(Duckworth)	18
Memories of Vailima. By Isabel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne	
(Chatto and Windus)	18
The Mediæval Stage. By E. K. Chambers	(Clarendon Press) 18
William Wetmore Story and His Friends. By Henry James	
(Blackwood)	17
The Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee	
(Clarendon Press)	16
The Pearl-Maiden. By H. Rider Haggard	(Longmans) 14
The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen. By Viscount Goschen	
(Murray)	14
Queen Victoria. By Sidney Lee	(Smith, Elder) 13
The Memoirs of Paul Kruger. Told by Himself	(Unwin) 12
The Better Sort. By Henry James	(Methuen) 12
Letters from the Holy Land. By Lady Butler	(Black) 12
The Circle. By Katherine Cecil Thurston	(Blackwood) 10
A New Volume of Essays. By G. K. Chesterton	(Lane) 9
Robert Buchanan. By Harriet Jay	(Unwin) 9
Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. By Christabel Coleridge	(Macmillan) 8
The Dayspring. By William Barry	(Unwin) 8
Froissart in 1902. By P. C. Gould	(Unwin) 8
The Life of Bret Harte. By T. Edgar Pemberton	(Pearson) 8

Competition No. 184 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best set of humorous verses, on any subject, not to exceed sixteen lines.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 1 April, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Creighton (Mandell), University and Other Sermons	(Longmans) net 5/0
Pallis (Alex.), A Few Notes on the Gospels according to St. Mark and St. Matthew	(Liverpool Bookellers Co.)
Roberts (Harry), Collected and arranged by, The Sayings of Jesus	(Gay & Bird) net 1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Is it Shakespeare? By a Cambridge Graduate	(Murray) net 12/0
Stringer (Arthur), Hephæstus and Other Poems	(Richards) net 3/6
Hither and Thither. Songs and Verses. By the Author of "Times and Days," &c.	(Longmans) 5/0
C. J. B. and P. S. W. Horace on the Links	(Sonnenschein) 2/6
Noguchi (Yone), From the Eastern Sea	(Unicorn Press) net 5/0
Not (Vernon), The Ballad of the Soul's Desire	(Green) 2/6
Trevelyan (R. C.), Cecilia Gonzaga	(Longmans) net 2/6
Gausson (Herbert), Thoughts from the First Three Gospels	(Sonnenschein) 2/6
Sedgwick (Jane Minot), Love Songs from the Greek	(Lane) net 1/6
Secombe (Thomas) and Allen (J. W.), The Age of Shakespeare (1579-1631).	(Bell) 2 vols.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Moore (Henry Charles), Noble Deeds of the World's Heroines	(Religious Tract Society) 2/0
Halid (Hall), The Diary of a Turk	(Black) 5/0
Boger (Alfred J.), The Story of General Bacon	(Methuen) 6/0
Tristram (W. Outram), Coaching Days and Coaching Ways	(Macmillan) net 2/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Ward (Lester F.), Pure Sociology	(Macmillan) net 17/0
Syme (David), The Soul. A Study and an Argument	() net 4/6
Patten (Simon N.), Heredity and Social Progress	() net 5/0
Gardner (Percy), Oxford at the Cross Roads	(Black) net 2/6

ART.

Murray (A. S.), The Sculptures of the Parthenon	(Murray) net 21/0
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TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Milton (G. E.) and edited by Besant (Sir Walter), The Fascination of London: Kensington	(Black) net 1/6
Sidney (F. E.), Anglican Innocents in Spain	(Simpkin, Marshall) net 7/6
Ward (Osbert), The Vale of Orotava	(Russell) 2/6
Butler (Elizabeth), Letters from the Holy Land	(Black) net 7/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Duff (J. D.), Edited by, T. Lucreti Cari De Rerum Natura Liber III.	(Cambridge University Press) 2/0
Edwards (G. M.), Edited by, The Memorabilia of Xenophon. Book I.	(Cambridge University Press) 2/6
Alcock (Rev. George Augustus), Key to the Hebrew Psalter	(Stock) net 7/4

JUVENILE.

Bangs (John Kendrick), Mr. Munchausen	(Richards) 5/0
Oppen (F.), John, Jonathan, and Mr. Oppen	(Richards) net 2/0
Hodgson (Geraldine), Rama and the Monkeys	(Dent) net 1/6
Bell (R. S. Warren), J. O. Jones and How he Earned his Living	(Black) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Robinson (E. Kay), My Nature Notebook	(Isbister) 2/4
Innes (H. Pembroke), Shafts of Satire and Symbolism	(Broome) 1/0
Sadler (S. H.), The Bothers of Married Life	(Sonnenschein) 2/6
Roberts (Harry), The Tramp's Handbook	(Lane) net 3/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Dasent (Sir George Webbe), Popular Tales from the Norse	(Douglas) 10/6
Atherton (Gertrude), Edited by, A Few of Hamilton's Letters	(Macmillan) net 6/0
Grosor (W. H.), A Hundred Years' Work for the Children	(Sunday School Union) 2/6
Eliot (George), The Mill on the Floss, World's Classics	(Richards) net 1/0
Emerson (Ralph Waldo), English Traits and Representative Men	() net 1/0
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Herman (Henry), Lady Turpin	() 3/6
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Stockwell (Arthur H.), Should I go to the Theatre?	(Stockwell) net 0/6
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Mathers (Helen), The Sin of Asar	(Long) 0/6
Byron (Lord), Works: Poetry, Vol. VI.	(Murray) 6/0
Stevenson (Robert Louis), Edinburgh. Picturesque Notes	(Seeley) net 0/6

PERIODICALS.

Photo-Miniature, Leisure Hour, Girl's Own, Boy's Own, Sunday at Home, Ainslee's, World's Work, Chambers's, Magazine of Art, Royal, Woman at Home, Longman's Critical Review.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

Messrs. Methuen have in preparation an edition of each of the four folios of Shakespeare, reproduced by photography from perfect copies. The first folio has been reproduced more than once, but no reprints of the second, third and fourth folios have hitherto been issued. A really fine set of the four folios cannot now be bought for less than £3,000. A thousand copies of each folio will be printed, and 750 copies of the four folios will be sold in sets at 12 guineas net each set; 250 copies of the first folio will be sold separately at 4 guineas net, and 250 sets of the second, third, and fourth folios will be sold at 10 guineas net.

Messrs. Methuen will publish next week a book entitled "When I was a Child," by "An Old Potter Boy." The author is now a minister, but he was the child of working folk and was brought up as a potter's boy in the potteries. The story of his young life incidentally illustrates the position and condition of labour generally 60 years ago.

"The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley," edited by Sir Michael Foster and Prof. E. Ray Lankester, will be completed by the publication of a supplementary volume of under one hundred pages, which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have nearly ready. It contains the completion of Huxley's "Survey Memoir" on fossil fishes, and also three essays of interest to zoologists that are not contained in the published edition of the more general works.

Mr. Israel Zangwill has completed a volume of verse, which will be published by Mr. Heinemann next month. This is the first time the author has issued any volume of poetry, though the book under the title of "Blind Children" is the result of some years of work.

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